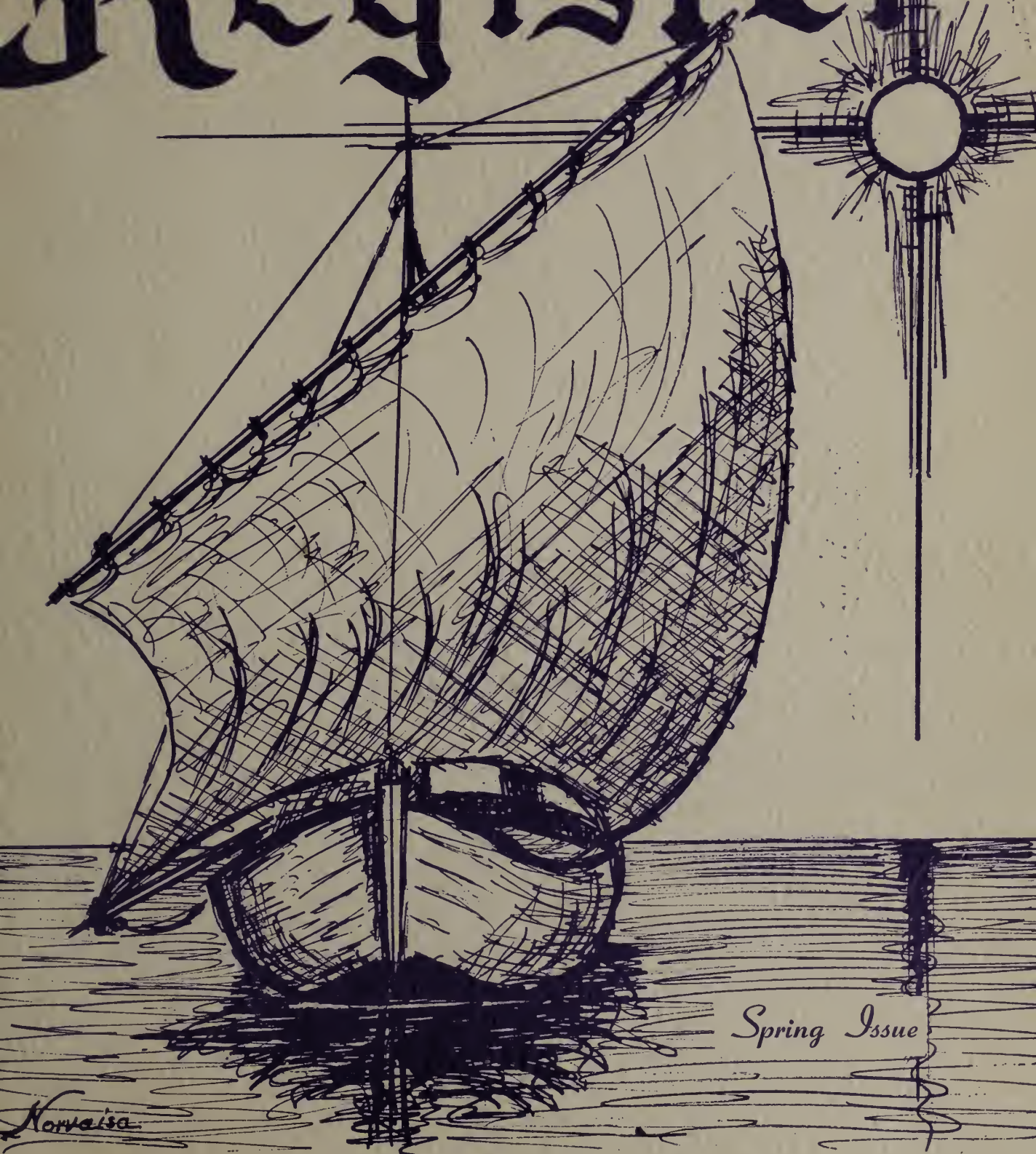


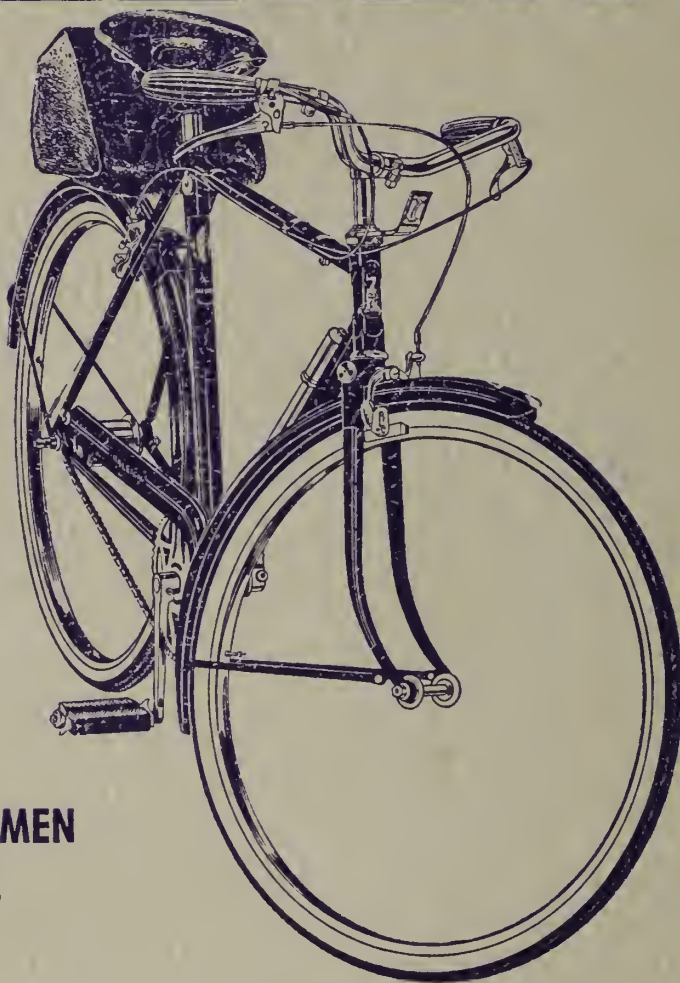
# Register



*Spring Issue*

*Norvalisa*

# RALEIGH



## FRAME SIZE SEPARATES THE MEN FROM THE BOYS

Raleigh Sports #22 AW

This particular RALEIGH model is specifically designed for students, and young adults. The Raleigh Sports, a college favorite in many parts of the world, is not referred to by wheel size (a method of measure confined to models for the younger set) but by FRAME size. The frame is measured from the top of the seat post to the centre of the bottom bracket axle.

Simply stated:

Students between 4' 11" and 5' 8" should specify a 21" frame (twenty-one inches).

Students above 5' 9" should specify a 23" frame (twenty-three inches).

Please forget wheel sizes with student Raleigh Sports.

Standard equipment includes: 8-speed gears, two handbrakes, kitbag, pump, tools and kickstand. Genuine leather saddle and better finish throughout.

Also Budget priced models available in the 21" frame size.

**For nearest Raleigh Dealer**  
**See the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Book**



# Schola Latina Bostoniensis REGISTER



VITA SINE • LITTERIS • MORS EST

*Spring Issue*

VOLUME LXXX

NUMBER II

APRIL 1961

Published 3 times a year by the students of the Boston Latin School,  
Avenue Louis Pasteur, Boston, Mass.

TERMS: One dollar and seventy-five cents per year; by mail two dollars. Contributions solicited from undergraduates. Contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written on one side of the paper only. Contribution will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and merits of the manuscript.

# Contents

## STORIES AND ARTICLES

The Baseball Glove	3
A Touch of the Theatre	5
Billy	8
Existentialism: A Philosophy For Today	10
In Control	12
Subversion	16
Dostoevsky's Romanticism	17
Homecoming	20

## VERSE

Poem	7
Pendulum	11
Class Poem	15
2398503	19

## REVIEWS

Barabbas	13
A Saint Or Sinner	14

## FEATURES

Lords And Masters	24
Something of Interest	25
Editorials	22
Sports	29
R. R. R.	33

# Staff

## Editors-in-Chief

ANDREW DAVIDHAZY

STEVEN MYLES ARONSON

## Executive Board

DANIEL BARNETT

GEORGE CARROLL

GUNARS VIKSNINS

MELVIN SEGAL

GERALD WILSON

ELLIOT GOOTMAN

LAWRENCE KURLAND

## Literary Staff

STEVEN ARONSON

RICHARD KAPLAN

DAVID SHEVACH

MARTIN BICKMAN

DANIEL BARNETT

RAYMOND BUDREIKA

JOHN RUSSO

RICHARD FINN

BARRY GOLDSTEIN

ELLIOT GOOTMAN

LEONARD GARDNER

STEPHEN JOSEPH

KENNETH PORTNOY

PAUL BARRINGER

GERALD WILSON

DAVID MUCHNICK

GUNARS VIKSNINS

HERBERT ALLEN

MITCHELL GREENHILL

GEORGE CARROLL

PAUL MATTICK

ALLEN GURMAN

## Photographers

ANDREW DAVIDHAZY

DAVID NORMAN

## Artists

ANDREW DAVIDHAZY

GUNARS VIKSNINS

NICHOLAS HADDAD

PAUL MATTICK

KESTUTIS NORVAISA

## Typists

ROBERT CORRENTI

MELVIN SEGAL

PATRICK MOSCARITOLO

RICHARD MURPHY

IRWIN FLASHMAN

RICHARD FREEDMAN

THOMAS RABBITT

## Business Staff

### Managers

ELLIOT GOOTMAN

LAWRENCE KURLAND

EDWARD ZEYTOONJIAN

JOHN TRAVERS

WALTER CURRAN

MARTIN KLEIN

IRWIN FLASHMAN

WILLIAM LAFFEY

STEPHEN LAVIDOR

JAMES LYNCH

HARVEY NISENBAUM

WARREN MAISTER

GERALD SUTELMAN

ARTHUR MARLIN

JAMES AISNER

JONATHAN MILLER

JOHN CASEY

PAUL O'KEEFE

RICHARD DANIELS

CHRIS PALAMAS

MELVYN DAVIDSON

JAN PRESSER

JOSEPH ESCOVITE

NEIL SCHIFFMAN



## *The Baseball Glove*

DANIEL J. BARNETT '62

John pranced downstairs in his brand-new sneakers. They squeaked with a high rubbery sound on the thick carpet. His jeans were new, too, and his polo shirt and his stiff, blue baseball hat and, best of all, the pro-model, cowhide glove and shiny unscuffed baseball. The sun streamed through the screened windows, and the wind off the harbor flattened back the leaves on the rows of maples in front of the house.

His mother was waiting at the bottom of the steps with her biggest black pocket-book and wearing her plainest dark suit that looked almost shabby in the opulence of the sitting room. She had put away her perennial frown and was smiling, perhaps a little thinly. John opened the white door for her and together they went down the gravel walk and got into the smaller of the two cars. As they rolled along the high, winding harbor road in the pleasant sun, John strained and caught sight of his own bright blue dinghy, bobbing and pitching

at its mooring with the fleet, its varnished mast swaying rhythmic arcs against the white-capped ocean.

His mother looked stiff and a little bit grim at the wheel of the prim little car as she did whenever she drove.

"How old were you?" She turned her eyes from the road for the briefest instant to look at her son dropping his new baseball passively into the pocket of the glove, "when I last took you to see Aunt Rosa?"

"I was just a little kid then."

"Three years. Yes, a long time. You were eight, then."

She stopped very slowly and carefully where the harbor road joined the highway, and looked again at her son, this time for a very long instant.

"I wonder if the same kids will be around." He looked back at his mother with the hope that Aunt Rosa had written in her letter that the same children would be there for John to play with. She looked distressed as she always did at the thought



of John's anticipation of playing with the poor children in Rosa's neighborhood.

"Aunt Rosa doesn't live where she used to," said his mother. John's face fell slightly and he turned to look out the window at the white guide posts zipping by in dull cadence.

"I guess the kids there wouldn't remember me anyway."

Rosa lived in Harlem now that her husband was dead. The building was in better condition than those on either side of it, and small potted plants on the window sill of her first floor flat lent a brightness to the brown facade. The metal bannister that arched and looped down the stairs had been painted fresh gloss black and the sidewalk in front was clean of cigarette butts, flattened bubble-gum stains and the dripped ice-cream and sweets that lent a Harlem air to the rest of the area.

John's mother parked the car in a lot on West Shore Drive; and, gripping John's hand firmly, she walked the six blocks to Rosa's. The younger children outside, covered with the city stickiness of summer, seemed to resent the sidewalk's being tidier than they were and had busied themselves in undoing Rosa's before-breakfast clean-up job.

Rosa's bony, bright face beamed through the open front windows, between the red polka-dot lace curtains at John and his mother as they picked their way up the steps through the chattering women and little children. The narrow hallway was very dark after the sunny sky and there was the cooking smell that John was so unused to. Rosa opened the door and embraced his mother warmly. John gave a slight, stiff bow and offered his hand to his aunt.

"I'm your Aunt Rosa, Johnny, not Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. Here, give me a kiss."

And he was made to kiss her on the cheek.

After tea in his Aunt's friendly kitchen John asked if he might go outside to play baseball with his new glove and ball. His mother looked at his aunt and shook her head slowly and almost imperceptibly.

"Why don't you look at some of the books Aunt Rosa . . ."

"Sure he can go outside and play." Rosa turned to John.

"Don't break any windows with that new baseball of yours, and be back in time for supper . . . You *will* stay for supper, won't you Anne?"

Anne opened her mouth to speak and then, without saying anything, turned and looked out the kitchen window at the small, brick-encircled vegetable garden in the back yard, and at the tree whose boughs reached up like two beseeching hands. And there was John, already outside, neat and new in the middle of everything dirty and old.

John heard shouts on the other side of a rough, brown-board fence.

"Caaaaamon Cawffee! Smash 'at ball . . . Lessee ya break ol' lady Rozzi's winda'!"

"Yaah Cawffee can' hit to save 'is ol' man's life. . . . No sweat, Pitchaaa."

The voices didn't sound like the boys at his school. They didn't sound like the boys he had met the last time he visited Aunt Rosa. But he had only been eight the last time. He played well. Of course, they might be a little unfriendly at first, but they'd want a new player . . . it didn't sound to him like they had nine kids on a team. He found a place where a board in the weathered fence was broken and he could get a foothold to climb over. Unless they were only playing with two bases, then they might not need another man. He could see over the top of the fence now. Sure they would need another kid . . . they only had five on one side and six on the other . . . besides they saw him now.

John teetered on the top, then half jumped, half fell into the lot.

"Hey, kid! Whatta ya think you're doin' here. This here's our lot."

"Get outta here, kid. Play in your own lot."

"I-I-I don't live around here. I'm just visiting my Runt Rosa. Sh-sh-she lives around here. I-I-I live in the . . . I don't live in the city."

"Hey! Get those fancy-pance blue jeans!"

"Hey, bet his ol' man's loaded."

"Kid, your ol' man loaded?"

"Looka that glove. Bet that glove cost twenty-five bucks."

"Yeah, I'd like a glove like that. Damn right."

"You like a glove like that, Cawffee?"

"Let go of my glove . . ."

"The kid wants us to let go of his glove!"

Toward late afternoon when the daylight was greying with thick, rolling cloud masses and the air was becoming heavy, John looked out of the car window and fastened his gaze intently on one object after another, hesitating to let one go past before he had something else to occupy its

space, lest his mind be vacant for an instant to review the happenings of the morning. One drop of rain after another flattened itself against the windshield and side windows and streamed back to obscure the details of the landscape. All diversion thus removed, he cried softly at first to himself and then even more softly to his mother. There was the glove to cry over and the humility and then Aunt Rosa's making him feel worse by trying to make him feel better.

Anne was silent for most of the trip and was glad the rain and the water sound of the wind outside provided a more natural setting for her son to cry in. It was difficult for her. In perspective, in *her* perspective, it was more difficult than it was for John. Then, all the big steps growing up and finding out the facts of life are difficult for the parent as well as for the child. But she did not find it strange that the toughest way was the most effective way to teach John what his station in life was.

## *A Touch of the Theatre*

GUNARS VIKSNINS '62

TO MY LEFT looms a mirror reflecting its frame of lights on a vast array of bottles and jars — pink, red, beige, and many more, cluttering up the dressing table like confused blotches of paint on an artist's palette. On the wall, towering over the usual costumes, is a coat of purest swan's down that seems to float overhead as if the spirit of the bird were inseparable from its billowy plumes. Beyond the open dressing-room door the backstage is dim, with eerie shadows and silhouettes, while the whole stage seems to drift into obscurity behind the heavy blackness of the curtains. Piercing this blackness, however, glows a lone red light.

This luminous speck appears in the mirror like an element of some surrealistic composition, forming a delicate complement to the whole design of theatrical paraphernalia; a perfect balance for the image of her red stockings. She has golden hair, perhaps a slight tinge of strawberry pink, but then again, maybe a few whisks of platinum. Her eyes, framed by dark glistening lashes, are set in a deep shadow of silver blue. Sculptured cheek bones catch the light over concave shadows that lead down to her subtle lips and classic chin. The sitting figure possesses the color brilliancy of a Renoir painting and the delicate form characteristic of a Rodin sculpture.

Her spike-heeled shoe bobbing gently, she puffs on her cigarette, turns rather quickly towards me, and, after exhaling the smoke, smiles ever so slightly and says,

"All right. . . shoot!"



There sits Marlene Dietrich, legendary goddess of the theatre. For her truly, "all the world's a stage," and she a player who has graced every corner of it. Ever since her *Blue Angel* fame, she has been singing and acting and dancing for motion pictures and on stage in a unique style that can only be described as Dietrichian. The product — such monumental films as *Scarlet Empress*, *Kismet*, *Destry Rides Again*, *Golden Earrings*, *Witness For The Prosecution*, *Monte Carlo Story* and many more.

She waits for my first question which I produce after some slight hesitation.

"How is a theatrical company like yours started?" (She was appearing at the Colonial Theatre in her International Revue, assisted by the Ximenez-Vargas Ballet Espanol, Shai K. Ophir, comedian, and Burt Bacharach and his orchestra.)

"By agencies . . . actors who wish to go on tour make arrangements with agencies that compile a number of acts to create a show."

An unimportant question: what is worse — a short answer. I must think of another. But now the questions pour out freely. I ask her to compare the contemporary European and American theatre.

" . . . completely different," she says, picking up a comb from the maze on her table. "The Europeans hold a much greater enthusiasm for the theatre." Now whisking a few stray locks of hair back in place, she continues, "There is one in almost every city and town. Each theatre has its own local company for which funds are supplied by the city." Replacing the comb, she faces me again and goes on, "Here in America the people are too overfed with entertainment to be very enthusiastic about the theatre. The theatres existing in the larger cities would perish if it were not for intranational and international touring companies sponsored by private funds. A thing called the American Theatre for all practical purposes does not exist."

" . . . and how do movies compare?"

" . . . again, completely different. In Europe children are not allowed to go to movies. So immediately the Europeans have a different medium to work with. They have developed adult motion pictures that achieve a maturity not possible here. Except for a few rarities, we have no adult pictures." Then comes her explanation of her preference of the live stage over the cinema. "Movies . . . are a completely technical medium . . . the artist has very little to say . . . the machine is all impor-

tant." With a quick sweep of her hand she crushes her cigarette as if to punctuate with an exclamation what she just said.

In the following discourse, I ask her,

"What is the purpose of the theatre in our society?"

" . . . to entertain. No matter what emotional by-products the individual may experience, whether he sees Shakespearian tragedy or some modern form of comedy, the purpose is still entertainment."

"But doesn't the theatre as a form of art have to give more?"

"It makes some people happy to believe so, but the art is in the entertainment."

Then the subject turns towards stylism and interpretation.

"A song stylist is someone who sings in a way no one else does. He (in this case she) gives a song a unique twist, a touch of his own personality. When you hear him or her on the radio you don't have to guess who is performing."

"With whom does the ultimate interpretation of a dramatic part lie?"

" . . . with the artist, of course. He puts as much of a mark on his performance as one does in a song."

At this moment a rather gentlemanly looking gentleman appears in the doorway and urges her to hurry.

"The taxi has been waiting for an hour . . ."

"Let him wait, he's getting paid for it!" her answer resounds with a tone of authority. Quite flattered, I ask my next question,

"What ideal do you as an actor work for?"

" . . . to give exactly what the public wants. The public may not always know what it wants, but they do know when they get it."

"But can the public be an apt critic?"

" . . . the individual, perhaps not, but the mass as a whole is always intelligent."

"Doesn't the public usually follow what the critics write and react accordingly?"

"I should hope not. The critic may have a stomach ache and not like anything . . . we would all be out of work then." Slightly amused, she sits back, shakes out another cigarette, produces a gigantic wooden match and sweeps it under the dressing table. Like a small torch it lights up her face, the cigarette already smeared with lipstick; it casts highlights on her hair; it penetrates the shadow of her cheeks. The fascinating illusion flickers and disappears, and once again white electric light dominates the room.



Pursuing the subject of criticism further, I ask,

"Do you think that an actor as an artist can be a critic of his own work?"

"It depends on how emotionally involved he is. He can be a good critic if he controls his emotion and is able to stand far enough away from his work to be objective. There are two types of actors. Some enter the theatre to satisfy their own desires. They look upon the stage as a psychiatrist's couch on which they hope to solve the problem of their existence. The other group acts only to please the people. The first group cannot be as objective as the second."

"How do you consider yourself?"

"I am a very good critic because I do not get emotionally involved with myself and have no desire to act for myself."

"Doesn't the actor have to be emotionally involved to convey emotions to the audience?"

"But that is translated emotion and should not affect one's true character."

She looks into the mirror, still dissatisfied with a lock of hair, and arranges it in a supposedly better position than it was before.

The hour has flown too quickly as I find I have come to one of my concluding questions.

"What advice do you have for those of the youth who think they have some dramatic talent?"

"Acting is a very hazardous profession, particularly in the United States. Everywhere it requires serious work, for the theatre is a cooperative undertaking that operates under the strictest discipline. But here the actor has no material security what-

soever — he has no insurance that he will eat for the season. Theatrical laws are such that an actor can be kicked out four days after he has been accepted for a part. To be able to weather the first years he must have money."

"How would you correct this situation?"

With a slight laugh she answers,

"I can't correct it. Everything operates on private funds, but you can't blame them either; they are interested in protecting their capital. So the theatre is purely a money-making business. If the product doesn't sell they take it off the market, even if there is still an audience."

The interview drifts to a close with the customary small talk of leave-taking, and as I go out I observe the theatre from the side of the stage. The seats, a while ago filled with a cheering crowd, now silent and empty, gape at the darkness; the stage which was the center of enjoyment, where before actors, stage hands, and dancers were conversing in a fascinating language filled with the cant of their trade, now seems frightening and dead, echoing only my footsteps. Without the stars and audience the wonderful theatre is nothing more than what I see now — emptiness.

As I step outside I greet a white fairyland-like scene — the sky mixing with the earth in a mystic flurry of snow. I almost expect her taxi to turn into a pumpkin and the porter or doorman, as the case may be, into a mouse.

You may sincerely believe that the food of our daily existence is so much more delicious with a touch of the theatre. For stimulating this observation, my thanks to Marlene Dietrich.

## Poem

*I sipped tea,  
light limpid jasmine,  
faintly colored.  
A waitress, blond and twenty,  
looked on as if —  
as if to say:*

*Why do you drink jasmine, boy,  
with its pale perfumed frailty?  
Why not jasmine? with eyes  
I replied: the tea is  
weak, its leaves frail,  
its odor fragrant. She turned  
amid thick smoke-rings  
and sneered: jasmine. . . .  
Jasmine, I said and sipped.*

JOHN PAUL RUSSO '61

# Billy

MITCHELL GREENHILL '62

IT HAS BEEN almost a year now, but the images keep returning, although by now they are no longer separate, but one. And for some reason it has a sobering, even saddening effect on me, making me want to feel noble.

A gray-haired, toothless Negro with a guitar slung over his shoulder and led by a Saint Bernard made his way along a Chicago street. When the dog stopped, the man adjusted the tin cup that hung from one of the guitar pegs and began to play. Then he sang, too. After an hour or so, having received very little silver and no bills, he roused the dog and the two moved on to another street.

It started when I was at home with some time on my hands and with the accompanying desire to be on the move. There was no question of where to go.

"Hello? Hello, is Marge there, please? . . . This is Mike. . . . How are *you*, ma'am? . . . May I please speak to Marge now? I'm calling from Boston, you know. . . . Yes, Marge will — Marge? . . . Yes, it's all set. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Well, the bus is supposed to get in at. . . . What? . . . Oh. No, don't worry. . . . Yes, the bus gets into Chicago at seven o'clock. . . . Hey, do you have a cold or anything? . . . I don't know. You sound kind of funny. . . . Probably. . . . I don't know. A couple of months. Until just before the army takes me. . . . OK. See you Monday. . . . Oh, Marge! . . . Look, don't cut your hair or anything until I get there, huh? . . . Right. Bye."

West of Cleveland begins the Great Central Plain, which extends to the Rocky Mountains. In central and western Ohio and in Indiana, the land is flat. This is farmland. As you ride along you can see miles of rows of miles of cornfields. These must be beautiful during the growing season. I can't say for sure. I do know that the masses of dry, shorn cornstalks of late winter are very impressive.

The Ohio and Indiana Turnpikes (which are actually one turnpike) are very well maintained. If you go by bus you can for-

get that they cost 1.6 cents per mile. In Ohio there is a gasoline company called 'Sohio,' which is indeed an amusing name. In the Indiana roadside restaurants, the waitresses spend ten minutes deciding which of them will serve you; and then one brings out clam chowder made with tomatoes. It's pretty bad compared to the clam chowder in New England where I live.

The toll road ends in Gary, Indiana, where there is a large steel industry. You pass by very tall steel ovens. Then comes Chicago.

Chicago is the second largest city in the United States and the ninth largest in the world. It is situated on the southwest corner of Lake Michigan. If you arrive in early morning, you can see the sun rise out of the lake.

The bus depot was in the center of town, and I emerged in a dirty jacket bulging with candy wrappers and paper-backs. My suitcase was in one hand, guitar in the other. I had not played the guitar on the trip, partly because every now and then the bus driver would turn on the radio. I remember one song that went —

'Why do I lose my head

Why don't I *use* my head

I wish that *I* was dead

'Cause you're so crool.'

I did not feel up to trying the famous Chicago 'L' and so I took a cab to Marge's. Her Aunt Agatha greeted me with gushing aplomb and a few dozen questions about 'the folks,' but Marge was there and so it was all right. I slept all day.

The nights in Chicago are neon, as they are everywhere else in the United States, or at least in the places where I have been. richardsluncheonette. teddysserveyourself. fwwoolworth. barerniescafe. barkotchagrill. dontwalk. liquors.

L  
I  
Q  
U  
O  
R  
S

I made up a little poem. It went like this:

'The buildings here are very high.

'They shall topple by and by.'

And then I always used to add, 'Good evening, friends,' the way the old singers used to.

Marge and I lost no time in using the two months the army had given me before induction. That night we dabbled in the city, visiting people I had met the other time I made the trip, exploring dingy, out-of-the-way-bars, where there might be some good blues, and enjoying the unusual nearness of each other.

Marge had to work in the morning, and so I took her home early. But I had just slept eight hours and the city excited me. So after Marge went to bed, I went out by myself.

I met Billy by chance. I was coming out of a bar on the South Side and there he was, a slightly drunk, almost vulgar little man playing a battered Gibson guitar. With him was a dog, which would lead him to a different place when the police stopped his singing. The dog was a Saint Bernard named Walter.

Billy was one of the last of the street singers. He had wandered the South until there was no place there left to wander. Then he had followed the river north. "Old blues singers never die; they just go to Chicago."

Billy sang the blues and he knew what he was singing about. His guitar was both violent and subdued; and when Billy played, it shook until you thought that all the silver in the tin cup was going to sneak out over the top.

'If my blues don't worry you, you ain't been hungry long.

If my blues don't worry you, you ain't been hungry long.

Come on, buddy; hear Billy's blues roll on.'

I just had to talk to someone who could sing like that, so after he had quit work I tagged along to his apartment on the South Side. It was a one-room deal over a pawn-

shop and across the street from a partly demolished tenement. The 'L' ran a few feet from the room's only window. Hanging out the window was a set of Chinese wind chimes, which made music when there was a breeze and when the 'L' came by, though then the train almost drowned them out.

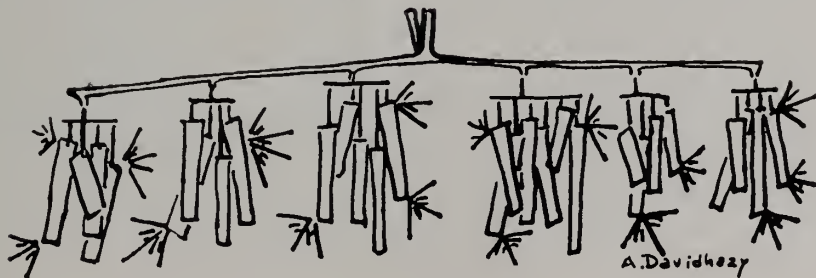
We played our guitars until almost morning, and we drank beer which Billy had insisted on paying for. The old man was very much excited at my interest in him. I gathered that not many people came to see him, and so I was something special. I left with a promise to return within a few days.

As Marge and I went places and saw people, the time passed quickly in Chicago; we visited museums, we sat in on some good jam sessions, and sometimes we just stayed home and talked in a very homey way. In short, nothing original but everything quite perfect.

So it wasn't until I was in the bus depot with a couple of hours to kill before the trip home that I thought about Billy. Or rather, I had thought about him before, but it wasn't until then that I made up my mind to see him. I checked my suitcase and the guitar; and, with Marge's good-bye kiss and Aunt Agatha's corresponding shriek still in my head, I took the 'L' to Billy's place. I was hoping that Billy might, by some chance, not be working that day.

Billy wasn't working. He was in jail where the law sends most street singers. Several weeks ago the police had picked him up in Old Town and had arrested him. His guitar had been smashed. All this the landlady told me as she was readying Billy's apartment for the new tenant. I leaned against the wet wall and took it all in slowly. Then I thanked the woman for her time and left the neighborhood and the city.

One small thing happened before I left. As I stepped out into the street, a slight breeze sprang up from the lake. And as I walked to the stairway leading to the 'L', I was pretty sure I heard the flat tinkle of a set of Chinese wind chimes.





# Existentialism: A Philosophy for Today

LEONARD GARDNER '61

IN THE YEARS following World War II, a new type of philosophy, called existentialism, rose to sudden prominence in Europe. Most Americans who heard of existentialism criticized it as being a philosophy of despair and nihilism, spawned and supported by Bohemian derelicts. Serious thinkers realize, however, that existentialism is no trivial concept to be so lightly dismissed. It is a major trend in modern Western thought and a serious hope for our increasing technological society.

Existentialism is not an entirely new philosophy. Its direct roots extend back to the early nineteenth century and indirectly to the time of Socrates and the ancient Greeks. Existentialism is more an attitude toward life than a particular canon. Its one basic tenet is that man's existence has primacy over his essence.

In philosophy, *existence* is the *state of being*; *essence* is *what a thing is*. This, for example, is paper; *i.e.*, it has the essence of paper. When I say: "I am a man," "I am" affirms existence: "man" designates essence. Thus the existentialists believe that human nature cannot be prefabricated or preordained. Each man must adopt his own standards of right and wrong, and then it is his responsibility to live up to these standards.

Existentialism has grown most strongly over recent years as a reaction to the dominant dualisms of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These dualisms, as developed by Descartes, Kant, and Hegel, split the world of matter (object). According to these philosophies, man was considered to be a helpless pawn in the inexorable plan of the material universe. Other philosophers in the same tradition, *e.g.* Karl Marx, thought that the fate of man was controlled by the irresistible historical force called the Dialectic. Existentialism broke with these old philosophies by taking an entirely anti-fatalistic attitude that emphasizes man's freedom and responsibility instead of his helplessness. In the words of one noted existentialist: "Existentialism is an attempt at philosophizing from the standpoint of the actor instead of, as has been customary, from that of the spectator."

Modern existentialism had its rebirth with the works of Søren Kierkegaard, a Danish theologian at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Kierkegaard claimed that the existence of God could not be discovered or demonstrated. Therefore, to become a Christian, one must simply assume God on faith and then, in the hope of being right, pursue a rigorously religious life. In effect, Kierkegaard was stating that truth and morality are subjective and that each man must pass through personal anguish and despair in choosing the standards by which he will live.

Existentialism is not a rigid dogma. Although all the modern existentialists have accepted the basic principles of Kierkegaard, there remain many basic differences among them. The most important issue in dispute is the question of God. The principal protagonists are Gabriel Marcel, a Catholic; Karl Jaspers, a Protestant; and Jean-Paul Sartre, an atheist. In contrast to the early existentialists, like Kierkegaard, Sartre claims that atheism must be postulated as a necessary condition in the logic of his philosophy. A brief discussion of his basic theories shows to what unusual kinds of thinking radical existentialism can lead.

Sartre's philosophy is what is called *phenomenological*. This idea is that objects by themselves do not exist; objects can only exist for an individual when he is thinking of them. When he turns his attention away from them, they cease to exist as far as he is concerned. Sartre applies his phenomenology to people as well as to objects. For him other people are merely tools to be used to serve some selfish purpose and then to be nullified, *i.e.*, forgotten. Thus, according to Sartre, such emotions as love and sympathy are either absurd or impossible.

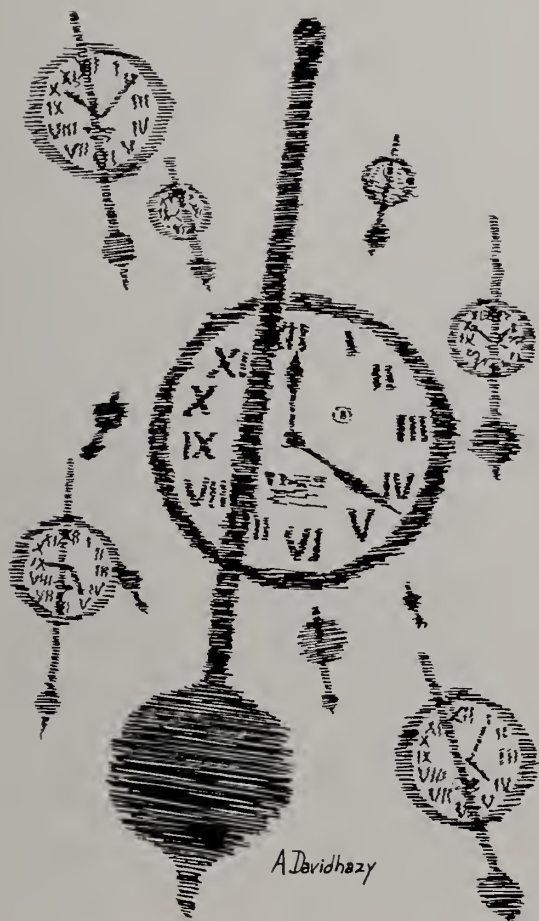
Sartre believes that men are responsible not only for their own personal lives, but also for all external events. He reasons that anything which we experience we give existence to. For example, I deplore World War II; but, in deploring it, I made it exist for me, and therefore I am responsible for it. Because of this dreadfully unavoidable responsibility, man must live in constant anguish and despair.

Sartre classifies everything into two categories. He calls all bulk or inert matter, the *l'en-soi*, and he calls man's thinking or consciousness (not composed of matter) the *pour-soi*. The *l'en-soi* can only exist for man when it is conceived in his *pour-soi*. But when a man, in exercising his freedom, chooses a new situation, he rejects or negates the former *l'en-soi*. If a man considers his own *l'en-soi* reflexively and then turns his attention elsewhere, he negates his own *l'en-soi*. Since the *pour-soi* has no material existence, the man then does not exist at all; he is nothingness. From this paradox

Sartre concludes that life is absurd and meaningless.

The theories of Jean-Paul Sartre are the most extreme forms of existentialism. Sartre actually defeats the original purpose of existentialism because, in the end, he reduces man to insignificance and absurdity. In moderation, existentialism *can* be an important and comforting philosophy for our age. In a world of increasing automation and materialism, it seeks to restore to man his individual integrity, to provide him with a personal identity, to make him master of his own fate.

## Pendulum



*Galileo once in church  
observed a censer swinging  
to and fro;  
and in this one  
he saw the all and had  
a Glimpse  
and so returned home  
damned.*

*The apple fell to Newton:  
but that's once,  
just down;  
the pendulum  
swings back and forth  
from left to right  
from dark to light  
and back.*

*So man: from noise  
to noise.  
But (as our  
Galilei observed) time  
slows us down,  
until we hang  
plumb-weighted  
towards earth.*

PAUL MATTICK '62

# In Control

RAYMOND BUDREIKA '61

ONE SULTRY evening in India, a native official and his wife are giving a party. They are seated at a huge table with their guests — government officials, military officers, and two visiting American psychiatrists.

The scene around them is one of lavish splendor — oil paintings, glass partitions, vine-enveloped doors opening to a moonlit veranda. A lively discussion arises between the elder psychiatrist and an ambasadress, who insists that women in these modern times can depend on themselves.

"Women always impart their fears to others," the psychiatrist intervenes. "And in time of distress they are utterly helpless! Even now, they haven't outlived the run-at-the-sight-of-a-mouse era. And when facing imminent danger, beware of women's screams. In my mind there's no doubt about it — women are helpless."

The psychiatrist's younger colleague does not join the argument but watches the expressions on the faces of the other guests. As he does so, he notices that the countenance of the hostess contrasts somewhat with the faces of the others — it lacks gaiety. She summons the servant boy and whispers to him. The boy's black eyes widen and he hastily leaves the room.

No one except the watchful psychiatrist notices the boy placing a bowl of milk just outside the doors of the veranda. The psychiatrist quivers slightly, for he knows that milk set out that way can mean only bait for a snake. He realizes that somewhere there must be a cobra. He scans the room: the shelves are empty, the corners bare; there is only one place left — under the table. His first impulse is to jump back, warn the others, run; instead, he speaks quietly and so arrestingly that he sobers everyone.

"Well, since we are talking on this subject, I should like to find out just what kind of control everyone has here. I will count to five hundred. You are not to move



a muscle. Anyone who does so will lose a hundred and fifty rupees. Ready?"

The people sit like statues while he counts! ". . . thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five . . . two hundred and twelve, two hundred and thirteen . . . three hundred and forty, three hundred and forty-one . . ." For some reason, tension is mounting, when, out of the corner of his eye, the younger psychiatrist sees the cobra emerge and head for the bowl of milk. Screams pierce the air as he leaps to the vine-covered doors and slams them shut. A few moments later, a bevy of native servants have sacked and killed the snake. The guests are calm once again.

"By Jove!" the host exclaims. "A man has just illustrated an example of complete control, a most astounding example!"

"Just a moment," the psychiatrist says, returning to the hostess. "Mrs. Benu, how did you know there was a cobra in this room?"

She smiles lightly and replies, "It was crawling over my feet."



# Reviews

## Barabbas

RICHARD KAPLAN '63

IT WAS primarily for the novel *Barabbas*, a book which is surely destined to take the leading position in the realm of Swedish prose, that the greatest Scandinavian novelist of our time, Par Lagerkvist, received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1951. *Barabbas* is a tale told with the utmost of simplicity and brevity, and with direct and overwhelming force of narrative and scope of meaning; and it offers immense pleasure to a wide variety of readers, from those interested in theology and philosophy to those yearning only for a dramatic and moving story.

Barabbas, the protagonist of the short novel, is the thief and murderer chosen by the people to live so that Christ may die in his place. The book follows the course of Barabbas's life, from this incident up to his death with many of the followers of Jesus.

After the death of Jesus, Barabbas deems himself highly fortunate; for he certainly does not regret the judgment of the populace and still values his flesh greatly. After a short while, however, his joy is calmed and he begins to think of the man who was crucified upon the hill in his place. It is supposedly the Son of God, the great savior of mankind, the holy prophet of the people who was executed and not just any common street criminal. He also recalls many other facts, such as the way the sky suddenly darkened and stormed at the exact moment the prophet died, and how only those who were on the hill seemed to notice this phenomenon, which certainly could not have been just a mere coincidence. Thus the first seeds of belief are planted in the mind of a man. This is easily seen to be the general theme of the novel: the spiritual development of Man.

Barabbas travels all around, always questioning himself and those about him, always doubting, always searching. He becomes a slave, and it is in this section of the book that perhaps the very key to Lagerkvist's tale can be found.

Barabbas is in the process of being interrogated with some fellow slaves by a Roman official. One of his companions has already professed Christianity, and now it is Barabbas' turn to undergo the questioning. When he is asked if he too believes in the so-called "messiah," he answers simply that he has no god. Being further interrogated by the Roman as to the reason for his having the Christian inscription, "Christos Iesus" upon his slave seal, if, by his own confession, he doesn't believe in God, he responds: "Because I want to believe."

This now is the very heart of the book. Man's spiritual development plays a leading role; but there is the even more basic theme: the wish to believe. It is easy enough to find some spiritual meaning, but it is harder to believe in it firmly without the slightest intrusion of doubt. Barabbas has found some truth and meaning in Christianity, but he cannot force himself to believe with unquestioning faith; there is always a tantalizing doubt.

Barabbas finally does find true belief, however, when he dies on the cross with a group of Christian martyrs; and yet, even as he awaits execution with his fellow prisoners, he still cannot believe and doesn't understand his death. It is only on the cross itself when all the others have perished and he is hanging, alone and dying, that at last he does believe; and once this barrier is crossed, all are crossed, and Barabbas dies with purpose.

The theme of a search for truth predominates in much literature of the last twenty-five years. Throughout modern fiction, characters are perpetually seeking moral and religious truths by which they may live. Their world is oppressive; their lives meaningless. All of them, ranging from poets to executives, from artists to hobos, are directly or indirectly engaged in the great struggle for values. One no longer looks for "heroes" in today's literature, as in the writing of the past; for now the protagonist and the antagonist are one, and man is in conflict, not with fellow man, but with his own soul.

Unfortunately, too many of the new "quest" novels are weak as novels — superficial, hackneyed, lacking any truly profound thoughts. Far too many lesser writers in today's market are considered first rate on

the basis of sheer unconventionality. Often there is the problem of a novelist who starts out sincerely with sufficient talent to turn out a worthwhile book, but who later becomes lost in the phantasmagoria of his own mind. The result is usually a work of endless babbling and confusion, clarifying nothing for the reader.

## A Saint or Sinner

GUNARS VIKSNINS '62

THE HOUSE lights dim for Dore Schary's drama, an adaptation of Morris L. West's novel, *The Devil's Advocate*. Dainty coral and turquoise opera glasses assume a dignified elevation and take aim. On the outer aisle sits a self-satisfied lady — a generous chairful, the roving lump in her cheek most likely the dissolving contents of the wrapper she rather consciously slides to the floor. Pairs of priests dot the balcony, and at a glance it appears that spiritual food is as nourishing as Madam's chocolate. As the curtain rises they assume a critical seriousness, like referees looking out for foul plays.

The first scene opens under a deluge of light, and Cardinal Marotta emerges shedding it from his scarlet robe on a less luminous Monsignor Blaise Meridith. After some preliminary small talk, the problem is presented. Although Meridith is dying of cancer, the cardinal assigns him to be The Devil's Advocate (the prosecutor bent on contesting the case) in a request for the canonization of a British soldier, Giacomo Nerone, who had been executed by Soviet-instigated Italians for his refusal to join the "party" after World War II. Thus Monsignor Advocate, an Englishman as cool and dry as he is sick, must assume the role of an ecclesiastical Sherlock Holmes and follow a trail of tainted souls across the provincial Italian village, Calabria, to judge whether Nerone be saint or sinner.

It is ironic that his stay among these people, of whom he seeks light for the Nerone case, should help him regain that capacity for emotion that his illness had sucked from him. In his search for the confirmation of Nerone's "miracles," he experiences the miracle of a spiritual fulfillment.

Lagerkvist, however, is free from all this confusion and self doubt. He believes firmly in what he is saying and does not allow himself to become entangled in superficial irrelevancies. His style is classical and disciplined, void of any exhibitionism and falseness. It is this lucidity that makes *Barabbas* the masterpiece that it is.

The villagers hold the key to both revelations. Subjecting them to his canonical magnifying glass, Meredith finds that Nerone had come to them severely wounded and starving; that he was aided and sheltered by Dr. Aldo Meyer, a skeptical but genuinely human Jewish liberal, and Nina Sanduzzi, a local widow whose son Paolo he fathered; that Nerone led the people against the communists and was shot by the partisans through the betrayal of the sensual Contessa, whom he had refused. Also entwined in the story is Nicholas Black, an epicene artist tending to corrupt young Paolo; Fr. Anselmo, the aged, hard-drinking parish priest; and the sympathetic Bishop of Valenta, who would rather have more wheat and less saints. As they unfold their lives to him, these people cultivate in Meridith love and compassion for those who are much less than saints.

Meridith learns this information through a series of flashbacks in which these characters bare their souls and expose the sensitive, personal regions of their hearts. Here is where the power of the drama lies — in the delicate, frank revealing of deeply personal emotions; and it is achieved without evoking embarrassment in the audience. Through this revelation of love and hatred, of faith and disbelief, of reverence and blasphemy, weaves a central idea — that faith and disbelief both carry the necessity for strong convictions. The author shows that the skeptics are probably as badly or as well off as the faithful. He concedes that religion is both comfort and discomfort, but that one feeling cannot be eradicated without losing the other. In either case, the play shows that man must be strong enough to live with the consequences arising from either attitude.

After everyone's soul has received somewhat of a scrubbing and their individual crosses have been lightened, the play draws to a close as Meridith's cancer lowers him to his deathbed. Nerone's sanctity is confirmed, and the curtain falls on the dying

priest, who, through his experience with the villagers, grew less indifferent and gained understanding for the multitude of the world who fall somewhere on the "gray line" between the black and white.

Again the house lights return, and the opera glasses snap shut and return to their sequinned purses. The priests file out with an expression of satisfied sobriety. Somewhere comes the sound of "Hey, Georgie . . . are the restaurants still open?" From the rear issues a deep feminine voice "What do you think of the psychological aspects of

the play? I think it had depth but lacked profundity." From the opposite direction comes "I want a hamburger." The fat lady on the aisle drops another wrapper behind the fire extinguisher and swallows the remains of a Jumbo Mocha. Apparently contemplation is food only for the gods.

Of course, the play conveys a serious and eloquent theme, but it must be adapted to the environment. Therefore the combined message of the evening is that be we sinners or less than saints, we should eat less — the gates of heaven are narrow.

## *Class Poem*

*Now in our going  
at the edge of springtime and awakening,  
the ghosts of years,  
the shadows of things in flight  
blow back like mist.  
Poured-out celebrations of regret  
whimper like frightened winds,  
but a silver sense that no songs end,  
runs singing through the body  
like a secret psalm.*

*Now in our green going,  
the captured sound of space  
sings in our ears,  
sings promised-crammed  
across a loneliness of touch  
denied  
for fear of knowing all too much.  
We almost laugh — nodding our happiness  
to let the world die  
into the ceiling of our eyes,  
— wanting to test tremblingly  
the sounds that rush into a chasm of silence.  
Last things seem tense  
with being last,  
but imagination makes the old songs  
september softly,  
tinkling like brookwater  
through the funnel of the rock,  
til mind acknowledge the shock  
of world.*

*The ghosts of years  
are music and  
awakening,  
old songs  
sifting through memory like leaves  
caught rushing in some dark and secret river,  
rushing to the music that time makes:  
present equals past  
while old songs last.*

S. MYLES ARONSON, '61



# Subversion

MITCHELL GREENHILL '62

THERE WAS a tense pause.  
"Dowd, do you fully realize what you are suggesting?"

"Yes, sir. I believe I do."

"Hmm."

There was another pause, during which Mr. Dowd nervously shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Tell me, Dowd, have you considered carefully the consequences of making such a radical statement?"

"Yes, sir, I first thought of the idea last month. I appreciate that the idea is new to the institution, but I am firmly convinced that it is entirely . . ."

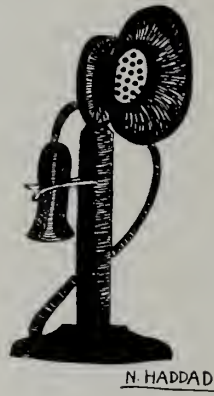
He was interrupted by a rather loud belch from the president. The president always belched when excited. He had done so at his high school graduation, at his wedding, and at his inheriting the presidency — to name but a few instances. What he had just heard, however, educed a record-breaker.

This man Dowd! With the institution a mere ten years, and already he was trying to tear it down. And there he stood with that mundane look so typical of these young squirts, appearing hardly more concerned than if he had asked for a raise. He apparently had no qualms whatsoever about the audacity, the gall, the total disregard for everything sacred he was so flagrantly displaying. It was unthinkable — yes, that's what it was — unthinkable.

"Tell me, Dowd, When was our institution founded?" Mr. Dowd began the familiar story. "In 1621 a group of Pilgrims decided that such an institution was needed. They appointed a small committee, headed by Oliver Guzzle, to make a study of . . ."

"That will do," boomed the president. "Am I to understand, then, that after these hundreds of years of continued service to the community, this institution, so conceived and so dedicated, is to be "improved" by the left-wing schemes of one Randolph P.

Dowd?" (Dowd winced at the use of his middle initial. He rarely told anyone that it stood for Philisander.) "Am I to understand that a mere child has the ability to better the traditions of Oliver Guzzle, my great-great-great grandfather? I say to you, sir, ha."



After a dramatic pause, the president again said "ha." but this time the effect was somewhat spoiled by a belch. It was, however, an impressive belch.

Mr. Dowd was cowed. He had anticipated some opposition to his proposal, but he had by no means expected so violent a reaction. With a final burst of courage, he spoke again, perhaps for the last time in the institution.

He spoke of how he respected the institution, of how his own personal record was without blemish. He denied being a rabble-rouser. In a final burst of eloquence, he cried, "Sir, believe that I speak these words for the good of the institution! I'd rather be right than president (no offence, sir), and so I say that since this is the year nineteen sixty and one . . ."

He broke off this sentence, and, with an impassioned look, leaned over the desk and whispered pleadingly, "Sir, once again I advocate the installment of a telephone."

# Dostoevsky's Romanticism

DAVID SHEVACH '62

THE RUSSIAN novelist Fyodor Dostoevsky (1821-1881) keenly searched the spectrum of the soul. Truth was his lodestar, writing merely a device to seek truth. His work is charged with an uncanny use of nuances, mirages, and dreams—all devices essential to the frenzied search. Some critics ignore Dostoevsky's attempt to establish an honest philosophy of life, however, and maintain that his tendency to write about dreams and the unconscious was cultivated for its own sake. They argue that the addiction to the mysterious and the mystical (and his freer literary technique in general) was simply a reaction to the industrial revolution and to the advent of soulless automata.

An aura of mystery and romanticism swept the literature of Russia at the start of Dostoevsky's career, taking form in three types of writing: the sentimental novel (mainly French), the fantastic novel (mainly German and English), and, superseding both, the naturalistic novel created by another Russian novelist, Nikolai Gogol (1809-52).

The essence of the sentimental novel was to place virtuous people in pathetic situations and then to extract the last available ounce of pathos. Its origins lay in the writings of Rousseau, Richardson, and Sterne. The fantastic novel, tale of the supernatural and the blood-curdling, was influenced primarily by the English "Gothic tale" developed by Horace Walpole and Anne Radcliffe.<sup>1</sup> The naturalistic novel was a reaction to the sentimental and fantastic schools of writing. It lacked the forced melodrama of the sentimental novel and the lurking terror of the fantastic. Generally, the scene was laid in contemporary Russia; the protagonists were of humble birth, but this form, too, indulged in pathos, and differs from the sentimental novel only in a

subtler use of melodrama. Paradoxically, Dostoevsky reveals in his early work the influence of all three types of writing. But with the publication of *The House of the Dead* (1865), his writing seemed to take on a new seriousness of purpose. He then seemed to struggle for God both through his characters and through an interesting concept which he called the "Great Sinner."

A period of imprisonment in Siberia was probably responsible for this paradoxical combination of purpose; nevertheless, even in his early work there are hints of his future greatness, especially in *The Double* and *Poor Folk*.

*Poor Folk*, a moving idealistic story written in 1843, was probably influenced by Gogol's "Cloak." A poor official, Makar Devushkin, struggles to attain the barest kind of survival; and the heroine is forced by poverty and humiliation to marry an old roué.<sup>2</sup> The story is in epistolary form, a style borrowed directly from Richardson and Rousseau. The influence of the sentimental school of writing is shown by the hero's quoting Ducray Dummesnil's *Le Petit Carillonneur*, a typical specimen of this genre, as one of the only two novels he has ever read; and the servants are named after the hero and heroine of another then fashionable sentimental novel, *Thérèse et Faldoni*.<sup>3</sup>

The misfortunes of Gogol's protagonist are comic; the pathos of his sentimental heroine, merely lachrymose. But Dostoevsky's hybrid *Poor Folk*, though overloaded with Gogol's infectious ultra-romantic style, has protagonists raised to tragic height. *Poor Folk* foreshadows one aspect of Dostoevsky's future genius—a knowledge of life not coming from experience and observation, but purely à priori.

<sup>2</sup>Carr, *op. cit.*, p. 42.

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid*

<sup>1</sup>Edward H. Carr, *Dostoevsky* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1931), p. 39.

*The Double* is a theme typical of Ernst Hoffmann (German writer: 1776-1822), applied to the familiar Gogol character of the poor official.<sup>4</sup> But Dostoevsky introduces a new element—the idea of the second self. This second self or double is the direct issue of the hero's inferiority complex; his vision of what he might have been had he asserted his real self and not allowed the weight of men and circumstances to hold him down in the miserable rut of the poor official's life. The piercing defeat of the subjective by the objective pervades this entire work; for Dostoevsky conceived the second self not as an objective creature of the magical world, but as a purely subjective hallucination of the real self. An uncertainty of touch, a tendency to hover between the magical and the pathological, pervades the whole story, weakens it, and, on the whole, makes it a failure.

The new thesis of duality, which was later to be the essence of Dostoevsky's work, was violently criticized because it was anachronistic. Dostoevsky was a shrewd prophet. He knew the industrial plague would soon ravage Russia. He saw the pestiferous torment between subjective and objective, festering in the soul of every Russian. But the Russians themselves could not see it. For them, Russia was still a wonderful embodiment of the physical and the mystical. Failing to realize what Dostoevsky was driving at, the Russians dismissed his novel *The Double* as the wild fantasy of a novice.

Even after he emerged from Siberia and before he began his pentology, which he called "Life of a Great Sinner," Dostoevsky sporadically attempted pure romanticism. This dying strain is noted in the following works:—in *The Insulted and Injured* (1861), the little girl Nellie with her English grandfather Smith is clearly drawn after the little Nell of Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*; and something of Dickens' Mr. Micawber may be observed in the Marmeladov of *Crime and Punishment*.<sup>5</sup> The

straight-forward, melodramatic dramatic personae; the substitution of caricature for analysis; the physical castigation of the villain; the sudden conversion leading up to a wildly improbable happy ending—all these elements alien to the Dostoevsky of *Crime and Punishment* are in the true Dickensian tradition.

The concept of the "Great Sinner" is the theme for a master-novel in five volumes (*Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*, *A Raw Youth*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*). Dostoevsky indicated intention of a sixth, *The Life of a Great Sinner*, but he was foiled by death.

Beginning as a kind of saint's protégé, but with imperfections unknown even to himself, the Sinner was to succumb to temptation, fall, then live through a calendar of crimes and ultimately achieve a true sainthood out of a chaos of evil (the achievement of this sainthood was the theme of the projected sixth novel). This pentology is rife with seemingly romantic implications; but, in analyzing the romanticism of this cycle, one fathoms the tragedy of Dostoevsky.

This whole study is paralleled by Hoffman's *Die Elixire des Teufels*. The fate of the monk Medardus is similar to that of the brothers Karamazov—Dmitri, Alyosha, and Ivan. But in the denouement Medardus awakes into a new phase of life in an Italian monastery. *The Brothers Karamazov* ends with Ivan in madness; the ordeal of Alyosha lies in the future. Dostoevsky indicates that he will encounter still further representatives of the ideologies of socialism, atheism, and anarchy—but in the end return like his brother Dmitri to the Russian Christ. The protagonist of *Die Elixire des Teufels* passes his crisis and achieves a perfect sainthood. There is no question of the perfection of this sainthood in Hoffman's mind. But the figures of Ivan, Dmitri, and Alyosha are epitomes of the struggle of the subjective and the objective. In the denouement Dmitri has passed his crisis and is expiated, adopting the purely subjective knowledge of the Russian Christ. If Dostoevsky had matched with Dmitri's crisis and expiation that of Ivan and Alyosha, *The Brothers Karamazov* would have been a Russian assimilation of *Die Elixire des Teufels*.

The pathology in the creation of Hoffman's Medardus and Dostoevsky's brothers Karamazov is the same—a reaction to the industrial revolution. With Medardus and Dmitri, Hoffman and Dostoevsky

<sup>4</sup>Charles Passage, *Dostoevsky The Adapter*, (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1954) IX, X.

<sup>5</sup>Passage, *op. cit.*, p. 2. In his notes Dostoevsky revealed his intention of making Marmeladov the protagonist of *Crime and Punishment*, but some mysterious change in Dostoevsky forced him to subordinate Marmeladov and his intended theme of the "dissipation of a drunkard" to the more powerful Raskolnikov.



tried to resist the crucifixion of the needed element of the mystical spiritual; they tried to show that even though driven through the worst evil and sacrilegious crime, man could emerge saintly.

Hoffman definitely believed in his saint. His novel is ended with the narcotic effect of expiation. Dostovsky wanted to believe in his saint but could not; for, though he recognized the need for a god and the necessity for knowing God innately, he had too honest a conscience to do so without having objective proof. So, first he used Dmitri to test the soundness of a life based on the philosophy of a subjective knowledge of God. But in the face of the authenticity of the objective, Dostoevsky could not have the subjective as the basis of his philosophy of life. He continued in his search with Ivan, who tried to westernize and objectiv-

ize his beliefs. But Ivan needed a God. He recognized God's existence innately but could not see God's value with so much misery and injustice in the world. However, without God as an Absolute Value, "all things are lawful." Ivan was tormented by two conflicting philosophies. The denouement leaves him in madness.

In his projected novel "Life of a Great Sinner" Dostoevsky intended to reassert the subjective philosophy. Alyosha, after all sorts of crime, would achieve a true sainthood. But this was not the solution. Dostoevsky was in a vicious circle; death just freed him from torment. For he could not solve the conflict of the subjective and the objective — and God. He could only reach the abyss of the soul. Reaching that awful pit was somehow both his tragedy and his greatness.

## 2398503

*My College Board Exam results  
Have shown my many flagrant faults:  
My math was low, my English dragging,  
And French très bas, with Latin sagging.  
This seems, by college law, to say  
That Ivy hopes now fade away,  
And I must make a quick selection  
From a less supreme collection.*

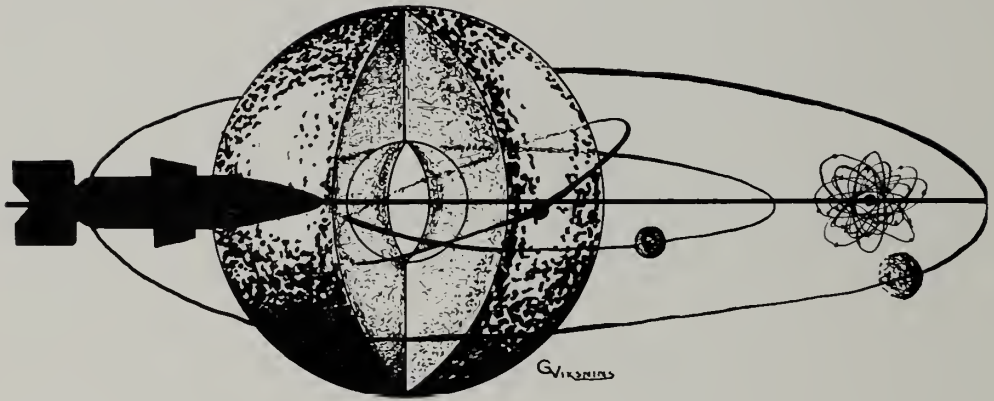
*But why should I bewail my fate  
Which catapulted fast of late?  
The answer is as plain a fact  
As water climbing cataract:  
For my future wholly rests  
Upon results of standard tests,  
Taken in but several hours  
While my body squirms and cowers.  
And when my answer sheet is placed  
Into an IBM, I'm faced  
With failure or success for sure  
Depending on what I secure  
In highly sought achievement score:  
This — the plight for you in store.*

*And so if I may lack  
Good luck with Univac  
And 2398503  
(The number which was given me)  
Does not attain the highest mark  
And leaves me with expression stark,  
Then I'll admit — bemoaned — I'm dumber  
Than others, — yet that is my number.*

JOHN PAUL RUSSO '61

# Homecoming

MARTIN BICKMAN '63



FROM THE orbiting ship, Ralph Darmon looked down on the vast globe. Never had the Earth looked so peaceful. The cities had been destroyed by the hatred of the men who had built them, and now the land seemed as desolate as the sea. Yet the scars of annihilation were healing, and traces of green appeared among the craters.

Darmon had to turn away from the port-hole, for what he saw below disgusted him intensely. In ancient times men had sailed to strange shores in search of new lives, but now only a thirst for power flung them to the stars. Darmon and three others were the lucky ones—they had been selected members of the first manned expedition to Venus. Five years ago they had left the Earth in a huge rocket, equipped and supplied for any emergency. They had reached Venus and were to spend six months in a temporary shelter; but on their fourth month on the lifeless planet, the impending Earth war had become a reality. The four men did not know the details of the disaster, but the explosions on the Earth's surface were indelibly marked in their minds.

It would have been futile to return to the dead, smoldering planet. Yet as the years passed on Venus, their minds had become restless. Now they were back, orbiting and wondering.

Darmon saw Ed Carpenter carefully

turning the dials of the huge multi-channel radio-receiver in an attempt to reach any fragment of life on the surface. Morris Anson was working at a small metal desk in a corner of the living quarters.

"How's it look?" asked Darmon.

"Garden of Eden." The physicist scratched his beard. "Radiation level's safe enough. Who knows?"

"What's the chance of survivors?"

"I don't know. There were still four billion people down there before it happened."

From a door directly behind them, Philip Hermann, the official leader of the expedition, walked in. The big man spoke in a husky voice. "I've just checked the gauges and the engines are fine. We'll orbit two more times before attempting a landing."

Hermann then gazed out a nearby port-hole and muttered, partly to himself. "Sure did a thorough job. When we die, the Earth will be just another rock floating in space."

Hearing this brief soliloquy, Anson looked up from his desk. "After all, it's not the end of the world."

"You trying to be funny?" said Hermann.

"No. Look, when a caveman's tribe was wiped out, he thought it was the end. When Rome fell, the Romans thought it was the end. We've faced hundreds of catastrophes

— plagues, floods, wars — and we've come back just as strong. I'm not one for religion, but I figure God won't let Mankind just fade out of existence. Why are we alive now? We're not so righteous that we deserved to be spared, but for some reason we were chosen to help put humanity back on its feet. When we land, we'll search out the other survivors and see what we can do."

"But how are a handful of people going to rebuild civilization?" asked Hermann.

"Just two people started it," Anson reminded him.

Hermann found himself intrigued with the idea. "This time we'll do it right," he said. "We'll teach our children to live peacefully. No greed, no hatred, no crime."

"Sound's fine," said Darmon, "but I think they'll eventually fall into the same rut as their predecessors. People are naturally greedy and hateful."

"That's an opinion," said Hermann. "But the facts of history prove again and again that man has the capacity to regenerate his culture."

Darmon smiled, but he did not look directly into Hermann's eyes. "You probably believe that, too," he said.

A short burst of static leaked through the radio. The men quickly surrounded Carpenter sitting by the receiver.

"What is it?" Hermann asked.

"I'm not sure," said Carpenter adjusting the head piece, "probably just a defect in the radio."

The static became louder and more frequent. Carpenter raised his voice above the electronic roar. "No . . . this must be an actual signal. We're moving in on it."

Shortly, the static merged into words which the crew could not understand. After a while, however, there was no question about the language. Anson, who had once studied the enemy tongue at college, could not translate every word, but he did get the gist of the message.

"They say they're a small colony of people who survived the holocaust in an underground shelter, and that they're the only survivors in this section. They want us to identify ourselves and state our purpose."

As the ship orbited away from the signal, the words became weaker and finally faded out. Darmon transferred his gaze from the coarse webbing of the speaker to the faces of his companions huddled around the radio. A doubtful look twisted Hermann's features, as he contemplated the photograph of his wife and children on the wall. Then he touched Carpenter's shoulder and turned to Darmon, who was in charge of the ship's huge store of supplies. After a short pause, he said. "We still stocking those bombs?"





# EDITORIALS

IN THIS turbulent epoch of "peaceful" coexistence, cataclysmic nationalism, and Communist belligerence, the cold war could — either by premeditation or accident — boil over at any moment. In 1956, when Hungarian student demonstrators sparked street riots, Moscow tried to appease the Hungarians. When this failed, Russian tanks entered Budapest and killed between 2,500 and 3,000 people. Moscow then set up a new puppet government in Hungary. One of the oldest issues in the cold war is the fifteen year-old stalemate over divided Germany. Khrushchev started the current German crisis in 1958 when he presented the United States, Great Britain, and France with an ultimatum. If the triumvirate would not consent to his proposal by May of 1959, he threatened to turn over to East Germany control of all communication lines to West Berlin. To maintain their garrisons in West Berlin, the allies were presumably to grant de facto recognition to the East German Communist regime. It was, of course, unlikely that the allies would recognize the German Democratic Republic, since they considered East Germany occupied territory. In May 1959, the allies presented Russia with a proposal that was promptly rejected. At the Camp David talks in the autumn of 1959, Khrushchev proposed that negotiations on Germany be reopened. This led to a summit which was never held and to threats that are still hanging.

In Asia, the People's Republic of China has, for some time now, been marching its peaceful intentions across national boundaries. In the autumn of 1954, Red China began a sporadic artillery bombardment of the off-shore Nationalist-held islands of Quemoy and Matsu. In a treaty signed in 1951, China had promised to respect the autonomy of Tibet, but Communist oppression ultimately forced the Tibetans to rebel. In 1959, the ruling Dalai Lama was forced to flee to India and a Panchen Lama, chosen by Peiping, was installed as puppet ruler.

Laos, a former province of French Indo-China, has offered the Communists a surprisingly strong resistance, but only with the help of American military and financial aid. The Communist guerrillas in the northern provinces have been supported by Communist Northern Viet-Nam. The Communist faction within Laos has begun a rebellion that is supposedly being aided by Communist nations and which is still being fought.

In 1960, Africa was the breeding ground for many independent nations, but it was also an area of chaos, especially in the Congo, which has become a test of African nationalism, European colonialism, Western influence, Communist infiltration, and the U.N.'s ability to handle all of these. Since Belgium had not adequately prepared its vast Congo colony for independence, there were virtually no Congolese leaders sufficiently trained to take over the government when the Europeans fled the country. When independence was declared on June 30, 1960, the army mutinied, and a helplessly feeble government was unable to restore order. The U.N., summoned to help reestablish normal conditions, flew in troops from neutral countries under U.N. command; but the political situation was then further complicated by Moise Tshombe's demand for independence in Katanga, the wealthiest province. On July 15, Moscow threatened to intervene in the Congo crisis, and at present United Nations agencies are still in the Congo trying to restore civil concord. At this moment, Africa is one of the most crucial areas in the world.

Under the leadership of Fidel Castro, Cuba has become the first and only open adherent to the Soviet orbit in the western hemisphere. Politically and economically, Cuba has aligned itself with the Red bloc. When Castro began seizing American enterprises in Cuba, the United States retaliated by cutting the sugar quota. Castro then seized almost all American property in Cuba. As a result of repeated indignities, the United States has broken off diplomatic relations.

Quo vadis?

AT PRESENT the only real deterrent to Communism is the threat of "the bomb." When the Communists make improper advances toward Berlin or threaten the Monroe Doctrine in South America, our immediate rebuttal is "watch your step . . . or else." Thus it seems that our mailed fist has only contained Communism, never jarred it. Indeed the power of that fist has worked negatively in favor of our opponent by warning the Communist world into a kind of unity against the "imperial aggressor." The question arises: what policies must we follow to rival Communism more decisively.

Nato must be changed from a strictly military organization to an administrative body, coordinating the commerce and the productivity of the Western Alliance. By no means does this mean shifting the responsibility of leadership from the U. S. to the other members. It is the duty of the U. S., as the largest and most powerful member nation, to lead vigorously and resourcefully.

The Nato countries must pull together for the economic security of all. There must not be an "outer seven" or "inner six" dividing Western Europe into hostile economic groupings. In the near future, the Six Continental Common Market powers will reduce sharply the tariffs of their member nations, leaving Britain, a member of the seven-nation Western European Union, and eventually the U. S., at a serious trade disadvantage. Tight economic cliques create unsettling, competitive divisions within Nato.

Exorbitant tariffs, discriminatory against the U. S., must be lowered. United States-European trade can no longer be a one-way proposition. One hand washes the other. Lower European tariffs could mean lower American tariffs and trade on a more prolific basis.

Inevitably, foreign aid must be a joint effort, each country fulfilling its moral obligation. Great Britain, West Germany and the other prosperous nations of the Western Alliance must put aside their self-righteous promises and set forth, instead, concrete and substantial contributions. The U. S. can no longer afford to play the rich uncle.

Above all, the image of a bustling U. S., founded on the precepts of freedom, and forged from a revolution against colonialism, must be preserved. We whose revolution has been called the "sweetest of revolutions," must ally ourselves with all legitimate nationalistic movements, while carefully shunning dictatorships. Democracies like India and Nigeria must be aided in the highest moral sense, never shackled to useless military alliances or dragged into endless conflict. National individuality and pride must be respected.

We must remember that the seeds of Communism cannot be sown in an atmosphere of prosperity; discontent and suffering are the true fertile breeding grounds. Economic solvency and international trust can be the only *real* deterrent. Nuclear arms will contain it; however, we don't want containment; we want freedom's complete victory over subservience.



## Lords & Masters

**M**R. CECIL HOWARD SMITH, who teaches English in Room 332, was born in Medford where he still resides with his wife and five children. After graduating from Malden Catholic High School, Mr. Smith studied for his A.B. at Catholic University in Washington and his A.M. at Boston College. Before coming to Boston Latin School, Mr. Smith taught at Malden Catholic High School for three years and at Edgewater High School in Florida for two years.

When asked which branch of English was his favorite, he replied: "The novel, although every form of English Literature is both interesting and informative." He cites *The Cypresses Believe in God* by José Ramon Gironella as his favorite novel. Concerning the Latin School curriculum, Mr. Smith believes that: "More time should be given to students for reading." His advice: "Read more of the better novels."



**M**R. CLARK, *professeur de français* in Room 233, was born in Syracuse, New York, and now resides in Jamaica Plain. After graduating from Boston English High, Mr. Clark received his A.B. at Harvard University and his M.A. at Middlebury College. Before coming to Boston Latin in 1952, he taught at college preparatory schools and at his Alma Mater, Boston English.

Mr. Clark enjoys gardening, photography, and reading. He is a member of the board of directors of the *Footlight Club*, a dramatic organization in Jamaica Plain. He is also a member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. Among Mr. Clark's favorite reading matter are the *Globe*, *Monitor*, and *The Atlantic Monthly*.

His advice to students is to be proud of their school, but to avoid arrogance. "Expect competition and welcome it, but meet it fairly," he urges. Mr. Clark emphatically believes that although everyone cannot be a prize winner, he can have integrity.





STEVEN MYLES ARONSON '61

ROBERT MICHAEL CORRENTI '63

ON THURSDAY, December 22, the annual Christmas Assembly Exercises were held. Headmaster Doyle turned the program over to Chairman Steven Myles Aronson of Class I. Herbert Allen spoke on "Christmas the World Over"; Joseph Gentile read excerpts from Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol"; Gerald Hillman spoke on Dylan Thomas' "A Child's Christmas in Wales"; sophomore Edward Jay delivered Francis Church's "Yes Virginia" letter; and John Russo gave an interpretation of "Three Religious Views of Christmas." Mr. Famiglietti and the orchestra assisted. The high point of the program was the announcement of the Charles E. W. Grinnell Award for scholarship, self-adjustment, and school spirit. This year's winner: REGISTER co-editor, Andrew Davidhazy.

Congratulations to the Officers of Class I: President Paul Barringer, Vice President Thomas Smigliani, Secretary Paul Connelly, Treasurer Frank Alberti, and Class Committeemen Joseph Competiello (Chairman), Richard Conklin, Thomas Garvin, David Shulman, and Martin Weiner.

At a timely and most interesting meeting of the Boston Globe High School Editors Press Conference held in the Oval Room of the Sheraton-Plaza Hotel at 4:00 p. m. On Thursday, January 19, Assistant Dean William S. Barnes of the Harvard Law School spoke on "What Is the Next Step For Cuba?": the news events of that past week which had brought the Cuban situation into full focus with the break-off of diplomatic relations between Cuba and the United States. Dean Barnes, who has closely followed the rise to power of Fidel Castro, has spent considerable time in Cuba during the present regime and has seen and talked with Castro on several occasions both in the United States and Cuba.

The National Honor Society Revue on Thursday, March 9, was presented to a capacity audience of more than 1200. Boston Latin's 100-piece marching band, the Hit Parade Quartette, the Flying Keys, Merna Goldstein (Blues-As-You-Like-it), Latin's Liberace (Kluse), the Maguire "Sisters," the Mighty Mites, Phyllis Diamond's Betty-Boop-Dance-Impersonations, the Dixieland Band Combo, and Elaine Shulman with her acrobatic "thrill-a-minute" philosophy gave many first-nighters a rare treat. Also on hand were Latin's All American Bandstand Five, Gerald Honigsblum, and the championship Drum and Bugle Corps and Color Guard, Latin's Rifle Drill Team, David Norman's exciting accordion music, Barbara Freedman (bop singer from "way back"), pianist Richard Ames, Steve Lavidor meeting his sister in "Boy Meets Girl," and the 1960 Football Squad in an island luau with Roslindale High School Girls, which was, if not always artistic, always entertaining. Senior Adviser Joseph William Hopkinson, though, literally stole the show with his





presentation of South American marimba music: an act that proved, once and for all, that our senior adviser has "music in his soul." Thanks to Mr. Locke, Colonel Kelley, and Mr. Levine, and Ticket Committee Chairman Steve Bornstein, assisted at the door by Aronson, Di Tullio, Hillman, and Russo.

Two Boston Latin graduates, Amherst Senior Robert S. Rosengard and Amherst Junior Edward F. X. Hughes, were among eight Amherst College students from the Boston area recently named to the Dean's List for outstanding academic achievement during the fall semester of 1960.

Senior Steven Myles Aronson has been named winner in the literary contest sponsored jointly by the Writer's Club of Columbia University and the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. Critic Lionel Trilling served as chairman of the jury that chose Aronson's poem *Orpheus In Love and Longing* (which appeared in the June 1960 issue of the *Register*) as one of the best high school literary works of the year.

Congratulations to the following boys who have been selected for the City's All Star Teams: Hockey — Paul Connelly,

Michael McLaughlin, and Peter Treska; Basketball — Richard Hymoff, John Lanning, and Albert Chardavoyne.

Creative writing by Steven Myles Aronson ("To Adolf Eichmann and His God, Whoever That May Be" and "Sly Cinderella") and John Paul Russo ("A Reflection" and "Chiarascuro") has been published in the first nationwide D'Youville College Anthology, a volume of the best high school poetry and prose written in the United States. Each school was asked to submit its finest entries to the anthology, which singled out the upper five percent for a fifty-state audience.

Sixty-nine outstanding sophomores, juniors, and seniors from public and parochial high schools throughout Boston were honored on Tuesday, March 7, 1961, by Mayor John F. Collins at the first "Men of the Future" dinners. Dr. D. Bradley Sullivan, Suffolk University Dean of Admissions, Filene's President Maurice Lazarus, Tufts University honor student Zoltan Szalay, and fullback Alan Miller of the Boston Patriots were principal speakers. The boys (selected by their classmates to represent the Latin School) were Harvey G. Klein, Mitchell J. Sikora, and Dennis O'Leary.

The following seven boys have been named finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Program and have been awarded certificates of merit: Leonard Gardner, Stephen Joseph, Harvey Klein, Richard Klein, Stephen Lavidor, Henry Mullaney, and Benjamin Robinson.

On New Year's Eve, at an international convention in Chicago, Senior Martin Weiner was elected first national president of the United Synagogue Youth Organization of America.

Burton A. Melnick, Harvard College junior and former editor of Latin's *REGISTER*, has been elected president of the Harvard *ADVOCATE*, the nation's oldest undergraduate literary magazine. Founded in 1866, the *ADVOCATE* has produced some of America's foremost writers, artists, and statesmen. Among its former members are Theodore Roosevelt, T. S. Eliot, E. E. Cummings, and Leonard Bernstein.

Congratulations to John Paul Russo of Class I, who was honored by the Massachusetts Department of Jewish War Veterans on February 11. Selected for outstanding service to the school and community, Russo received a citation from the Business and Professional Men's Club of Boston at a private breakfast on March 26.

Joseph Gentile and Edward Gaber, both of Class I, have been elected president and vice-president respectively of the Junior Division of the Boston Association for Retarded Children.

William James Sarill, '59, has sold a number of stories to *THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION*. Sarill is currently working on his first novel, which he expects to complete shortly.

Curt Gowdy, voice of the Red Sox, was toastmaster at the 10th annual Junior Good Will Dinner sponsored by the Massachusetts Committee of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews at Fenway Park on January 25th. Red Sox stars joined some of the Hub's outstanding civic leaders in playing host to 150 Boston high school students. Senior Gerald Hillman was one of three boys who spoke on brotherhood. City and school officials and Red Sox stars Billy Muffett, Bill Monbouquette, Pete Runnells, Vic Wertz, Frank Malzone and Gene Conley addressed the gathering. The ten B. L. S. representatives were: Paul Barringer, Raymond Budreika, Paul Connelly, Walter Curran, Andrew Davidhazy, Gerald Hillman, Thomas Keenan, John Russo, William Wilkinson, and Christopher Shen.



The twenty-four Dodge dealers of Greater Boston have announced that Steven Myles Aronson of Class I will receive \$500 as one of four prize winners in the Dodge Contest. A panel of prominent educators from the school and college systems in the Metropolitan Boston Area selected four entries from the several hundred essays submitted on the topic, "Why I want a College Education"—with a hundred-word maximum. On Tuesday, March 21, in the Venetian Room of the Sheraton Plaza Hotel, Aronson met with the panel of

judges, the members of the Dodge Dealers Committee, Factory Executives from Dodge, and people from the newspapers, radio, and television. The contest was open to all high school seniors and college students in the Massachusetts area.

Miss Massachusetts, Brenda Crovo of Reading, was on hand Tuesday night, March 14, at a gala spring fashion show sponsored by the Home and School Association. The lively program included the Roslindale High cheerleaders, the crack Latin School Drill Team and Color Guard. Fifty boys, twenty girls, and ten mothers modeled clothes ranging from Bermuda shorts to formal wear. Many door prizes were awarded. Proceeds of the show, held at the Latin School Auditorium, will go to the Home and School Association's Scholarship Fund.

Mr. Mark F. Russo, in a recent action of the School Committee, was appointed Assistant Director, Department of Audio-Visual Instruction.

Senior Paul J. "Boots" Connelly has been selected by his classmates to represent the school on Student Government Day at the State House.

The traditional Washington-Lincoln Exercises were held in the Assembly Hall on Friday, February 17. The members of Classes V and VI heard: Steven Myles Aronson deliver "Lincoln at Gettysburg," by Carl Sandburg; John Paul Russo read the Governor's Proclamation; Bernard O'Neil discuss "Washington the Man"; Richard Garrity recite Edward Markham's "Lincoln, Man of the People"; and Class President Paul Barringer read excerpts from George Washington's "Farewell Address." Joseph Gentile of Class I presided.

Mr. Houlihan and Mr. Trongone of the Music Department dedicated a march to Mr. Max Levine, '07, on the occasion of the 1961 Inaugural Parade on January 20 at Washington, D. C. The music was written by Mr. J. A. Trongone, and the words by Mr. C. P. Jameson.

A thirty-minute safety program entitled "Boston and Its Traffic Problems" was presented over Station WORL on Sunday, December 4 (10:00-10:30 a.m.). The program was organized by the Highway Safety Club and Faculty Adviser Mr. Fred C. Spracklin. Boys participating were: Ernst Brown, Raymond Budreika, Nicholas Kallan, Melvin Kolb, Harvey Mlaver, Harold Morrison, David Norman, John



Russo, Stephen Singer, and Bruce Wallerstein.

Herbert B. Allen of Class I has accompanied the District Orchestra to Washington, D. C.

Edward F. X. Hughes, '59, of Roslindale, a junior at Amherst College, was recently elected Vice President of the Student Council. Hughes, who entered Amherst on the early admission plan, was a member of the crew and sailing teams, as a freshman, and received his varsity letter in crew as a sophomore.

Steven Myles Aronson and Daniel J. Barnett represented B. L. S. at the Harvard University *CRIMSON* journalism conference, held Dec. 9-10, 1960, for editors of private school newspapers and magazines. Aronson and Barnett toured the Harvard campus, heard several prominent speakers at dinner, and watched the *CRIMSON* for Saturday morning go to press. *CRIMSON* editors met with the school editors in seminars on the news, editorial business, sports, and photography aspects of journalism; Nieman Fellows, outstanding professional journalists at Harvard, were guests for Luncheon. *CRIMSON* editors criticized all magazines individually with their representative.

On Friday, December 9, the Harvard Band presented a concert in the Assembly Hall.

The Alumni Dinner was held Wednesday evening, November 23, at the Harvard Club.

Leading the Inaugural Parade and representing Massachusetts was the 110-member Boston Latin School Band. The Washington program included Sousa's "The Thunderer," Bagley's "The National Emblem March," Sousa's "Washington Post March," Sordillo's "Boston High School Cadets March," and the first public performance of the "Sunburst March" by Mr. Lew Tobin, '23. Accompanying the band were Headmaster John Doyle, Bandmaster Roland Young, drill instructor Lt. Col. Edward Kelley, physical instruction masters Joseph Fielding and Steve Patten, science department head Francis Carroll, Assistant Director of Visual Education Mark Russo, instrumental directors Pete Siragusa and Bill Kahn, fund-raising chairman Max Levine, and Dr. W. G. Duserick.

The Third Public Declamation was presented on Friday, February 17, before a Class IV audience. The speakers were:

Richard Lee Curtis, Paul Schlossberg, Gary Alen Smiley, David Litwack, David Ira Aronson, Roy Warren Bernstein, Neal Katz, Paul Alan Menitoff, William Thomas O'Neil, Robert Michael Correnti, Edward William Jay, Kevin Edward Kennedy, James Schoolman, Steven Myles Aronson, Gerald Paul Hillman, and John Paul Russo.

On March 8 in the Sheraton Plaza Ballroom, the *Traveler* held its second luncheon and press conference. Phil Newsom, foreign analyst for United Press International, spoke on our foreign diplomacy abroad. Mr. Newsom is a veteran reporter and editor who has served in both the domestic and foreign fields. Attending were Steven Myles Aronson, Gerald Hillman, Thomas Rabbitt, John Russo, and Stephen Singer.

Gerald Paul Hillman placed first in zone competition, Friday, March 3, in an American Legion Oratorical Contest at the Roberts Post in Codman Square. Hillman, who received a \$25 bond and a gold medal, has gone on to the state finals.

Co-captains of next year's football squad have been elected by their team-mates. Ernest Caporale and Charles Gandy will reign on the football field, 1961-62.

On Friday, March 3, members of classes II and III attended an assembly on Brotherhood. A panel discussion followed a showing of the film "High Wall." Guest speaker Mr. Horwitz was introduced by chairman John Palladino.

Senior Eli S. Libenson recently participated in the program "Whose Decision" telecast on Channel Two.

On Thursday, February 2, 1961, all members of Classes II, III, and IV, were guests at the annual letter Assembly.

Congratulations to the new Key Club officers: Harvey Shaff (president), Robert Branca (vice president), Marc Alpert (secretary), and Robert Greco (treasurer).

Two students of Suffolk University are opening a non-alcoholic club in Boston, featuring name guest stars in the jazz world, as well as the music of its regular group, the Al Lewis Quartet. Comments and response can be addressed to:

Allan Stern  
c/o Suffolk Journal  
Suffolk University  
20 Derne Street  
Boston, Massachusetts

The club, which will be operated only on week-ends, is mainly for students with expensive taste looking for an inexpensive evening.



## Hockey

### Latin Loses to Eaglets

Latin opened its season by losing to the powerful Eaglets of B. C. High. Down by two goals at the end of the first period, Latin fought back valiantly but was not able to score. Had it not been for the B. C. High goalie's horseshoe, Latin would easily have knotted the score.

B. C. added three more goals in the third period and would have doubled that figure had it not been for the play of Latin's goalie Tom "Terrific" Smigliani. The lone Latin score was registered by Co-Captain Bob Walsh.

### Latin Slams Trade

A fast-moving Latin Six today overpowered Trade, 8-1. Latin, led by Robbie Walsh and Pete Treska, completely dominated the play.

Skating fast, the Purple controlled the play and Walsh finally lit the light with the first of his three goals. Less than three minutes later, Junior Zeytoonjian scored on a pass from Mike McGlaughlin for the final goal of the period.

Trade showed its only sign of life at the beginning of the second period. From then on, however, it was all Latin. Pete Treska, assisted by Bob Sylvia and Pete Winstanley, scored the first of his two goals. The Purple continued to press and Walsh also scored with a minute to play in the period.

The third period was a rout. George Carroll potted Boots Connelly's rebound for his first goal of the season. Thirty seconds later Walsh, assisted by Treska, completed his hat trick. Treska, still plug-

ging, scored forty-five seconds later. With less than two minutes to play, Connelly scored Latin's final goal with assists to Carroll and Bob Edmonston.



### Latin Clobbers English

In another spirited contest of bitter rivalry, a fighting Latin team overwhelmed English, 8-2. Led by Captain Paul Connelly and his linemates McGlaughlin and Carroll, the Purple dominated the three periods of play.

From the opening face-off there was no question as to the outcome. Connelly opened the scoring early in the first period. Connelly, sent in again by McGlaughlin, lit the lamp a second time. George Carroll potted the period's final goal with a ten-foot screen shot.

The second period was a duplicate of the first. Carroll scored his second goal and fourth of the game for Latin. Sylvia and Eisenstadt capped off the scoring for Latin in the second period.

The third period was literally a game of substitutes. McGlaughlin scored on a fifty-foot drive. After an English goal, Mike Treska scored to complete the Latin scoring.

### **Latin Edged by B. C. High**

In a hard-fought contest, a spirited Latin Six was defeated by Boston College High by the score of 2-0. The score, however, was not an indication of the play.

The first period was evenly played. Each team displayed both a fine offense and impenetrable defense. Latin hemmed in the Eaglets, and only the fine saves of the B. C. High goalie stopped the Purple.

During the second period, Latin seemed to have the edge in play. Latin again made many fine bids, but B. C.'s goalie again thwarted their efforts. With three minutes left to play in the period, B. C. scored its first goal.

The Purple completely dominated the third period action. Incensed by the Eaglets' lead, Latin played better than ever, but their efforts were unsuccessful.

### **Latin Again Beats Trade**

In their third encounter of the season, Latin shut-out Trade, 6-0. Latin completely dominated the entire game.

The contest was less than two minutes old when Pete Winstanley, assisted by "Digger" McGlaughlin and George Carroll, scored the only goal for a listless first period.

As the second period started, so did Latin. Ken Potter faked the Trade goalie out of position and scored. Paul Connelly wasted no time as he moved in from the Trade blue line and backhanded the puck into the nets. With thirty seconds remaining in the period, Pete Treska, assisted by Robbie Walsh, scored directly from a face-off.

The third period was again all Latin. Connelly fired a twenty footer into the left corner for his second goal. Potter closed out the Latin scoring with a rising slap shot by the Trade goalie.

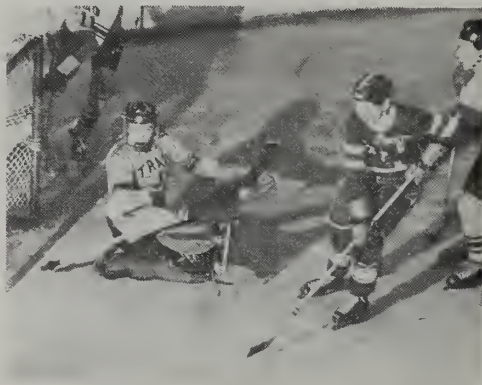
### **Latin vs. Technical**

A fired-up Latin School Six soundly defeated Technical, 5-1. Bob Sylvia's hat trick paved the way for the Purple, who moved into a second place as a result of this triumph.

Latin started fast, but managed to score only once. Bob Sylvia's fine rush resulted in the only goal of the period. Besides sporting a fine offense, Latin effectively hemmed in the Tech attack.

In the second stanza, the Purple applied the pressure. Ed "Junior" Zeytoonjian received a pass at the blue line from Paul Connelly and fired the disc past the sprawling Tech goalie. "Otis" Sylvia took the puck from behind the Tech cage and flipped his second goal into the cords. Again a fine defense, supporting Tom Smigliani, repeatedly thwarted the Tech offense.

Attempting to get back into the game, Tech pulled all the stops; but the Purple scored again as Sylvia, assisted by Pete Winstanley, completed his hat trick. Minutes later, Robbie Walsh, on a pass from Sylvia, lit the lamp. With but seven seconds remaining, Tech scored its only goal.



### **Face-Offs**

Latin's Tom Smigliani played one of the finest games of his Latin School career. Both goalies were no less than amazing.

### **Latin vs. English**

In the season's finale, Latin edged arch-rival English, 2-1. This triumph climaxed a fine season and secured second place for the Purple.

The first period was evenly played. However, when Latin was short-handed, English scored the only goal of the period.

During the second period, Latin took command. When English was one man shy, Mike McGlaughlin evened the contest by poking in Paul Connelly's rebound. Latin continued its fine play but failed to score again.

Desperately trying to pull out a victory, Latin applied the pressure. On one attack it seemed that Latin scored, but the referees disallowed the goal because of a Latinite's being in the Blue and Blue's crease. The Purple never let up and Connelly put home the winning goal with two minutes remaining in the game.



### *Slap Shots*

"Boots" Connelly, Mike McGlaughlin, and Pete Treska, a hockey player's hockey player, made the All-Star team. In an effort

to get two balanced lines, Coach Thomas placed Pete Treska on the second line. Pete was an outstanding forward and the best team man on the squad.

## *Basketball*

### **Latin Squeaks by B. C. High**

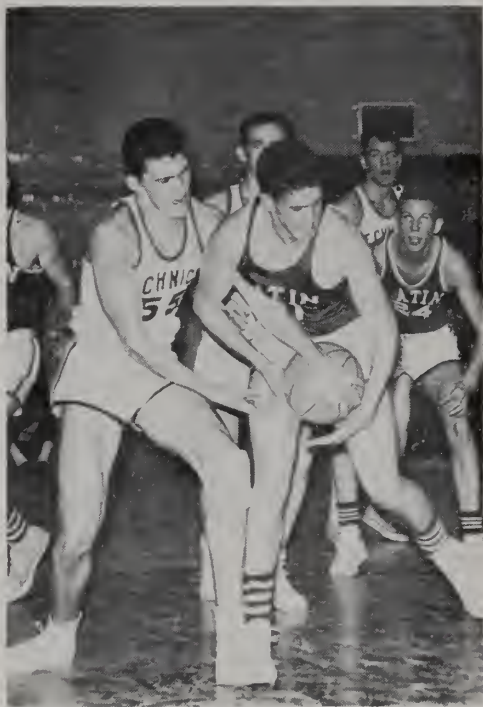
In its home opener, Latin squeezed out a win over B. C. High, 50-48. B. C. dominated the entire first period. Leading by an 18-9 score after the first frame, B. C. also held a nine-point halftime lead, 30-21. However, the Purple were a rejuvenated team in the second half. Although unable to take the lead, Latin controlled the play during the third period and was able to peck away at B. C.'s lead. Then, in a fourth period fraught with tension, Jack Callahan came up with a clutch performance, scoring eight points in the final two minutes. Jack's game-winning basket was set up by Richie Hymoff's sensational ball hawking. Just when it seemed that B. C. was going to take the lead permanently, Richie stole the ball, passed over to Jack Callahan, and — bank! Final score, Latin 50, B. C. 48.

### **Latin Tips Dot**

Latin started its hoop season off on the right foot, beating Dorchester, 59-52. The see-saw affair was not decided until the final minute of play. With Latin nursing a slim three-point lead, Dorchester lost the ball on an offensive foul. Spurred on by this "break," Latin surged down the court and added two insurance hoops. Latin was led by the magnificent playmaking of Captain "Butch" Chardavoine. "Butch" set up team mates Lanning, Callahan, Hymoff, and Welburn with pin-point passes so that they were able to break loose for easy baskets. Dogged Richie Hymoff led all scorers with 18 points. Keep it up, guys!

### **Latin Dumps Tech**

Latin continued its winning ways by beating a stubborn Tech quintet in Tech's new gym. The Lambertmen were once more forced to pull a victory in the waning moments of the game. The Purple outscored Tech, 19-10, in the first period. Latin added twelve more points in the second frame, but Tech offset this Latin bulge by scoring seventeen points of its own.



Ahead by only two points at the start of the third period, Latin came back like a house afire to outscore Tech, 15-9. Ted Welburn and Richie Hymoff combined for seventeen of these points. In the final period, Latin could score only six points. Luckily the Technicians weren't able to take advantage of the Purple's ineptness. In a squeaker — Latin, 52 — Tech, 49.

### **Latin Sinks Trade**

Today a determined Latin Five upset undefeated Trade with a stinging 62-50 victory. The triumph was the result of a co-ordinated, carefully planned offense, which the Artisans found too strong to resist. Richie Hymoff led the scoring with twenty-five points, his high for the season. Butch Chardavoine contributed eighteen points and nine assists to the Latin cause, a job well done. Team regulars Welburn, Callahan, and Lanning turned in hustling,



heads-up performances, providing the rebounding and set-ups necessary for a winning score. In all, it was a most gratifying victory for Coach Patten and the Purple, as clever strategy and top-flight playing combined to make this season's most startling upset.

### Latin Shells English

Smarting from its only defeat of the season, Latin sought revenge on the "alumni" of English. Playing on their home court, the Purple jelled superbly, each man functioning as an indispensable unit of a powerful machine. "Butch" Chardavoyne and Jack Lanning provided the offensive wallop, while Ted Welburn, Jack Callahan and Richie Hymoff controlled both backboards. The high-scoring potency of Latin's new offense, devised by Coach Lambert as an unexpected treat for the "Boys in Blue," completely dazzled the Englishmen and when the final buzzer sounded, Latin had won, 65-53.

### In Orbit

Congratulations to star players Butch Chardavoyne, Jack Lanning, and Richie Hymoff on being named to this year's All Star Team. A well deserved honor.

## Track

**E**GLISH, always a potent threat, nosed out its arch rival Tech, 91 to 85. Latin, netting third place with 42 points, outscored the eight other City and District League schools. O'Neil and Abraham tallied one-three in the shotput. Bill Wilkin-son was our lone scorer in Class A running events, taking fourth in the 50-yard dash.

Latin fared poorly in Class B, probably because of lack of interest among juniors and sophomores. Vinny Deare, second in the 220, and Jim Shoolman, third in the shotput, were the only place winners in this class.

Charlie Fitzgerald, previously a consistent but not outstanding broad jumper, beat the seeded favorite Gerry Lynch with a leap of eight feet - eleven and one half inches. Dana Gladstone and Cliff Janey completed Latin's sweep in the Class C event. "Ev" Speas tied for first in the high jump. Branca got a fourth in the hurdles. Speas scored again, picking up a second in

the 220. The 600 saw Dave Santosuosso and Marty "The Flash" Flashman finishing third and fourth. Lynch made an amazing effort in the last five yards of the 50 to walk away with another first. Steve Vozella placed third in the dash. Regrets are extended to Jack Chretien, who, favored to win the 220, took a bad spill on the second corner. Fortunately, however, Cliff Janey and Charlie Fitzgerald placed second and fourth in this race. Cousins Janey and Lynch helped the C relay team take first place.

### Tape Worms

The squad wishes to thank new track coach Steve Patton for his season-long supervision.

Gerry Lynch, running against stiff English competition, tied the Class C record of 5.7 twice, in the heat and final of the 50. This year's exceptional Class C runners light a bright lamp for next year.



Berestock: "An unhatched butterfly?"



*Feb. 27:* (Overheard in 331):

Master: "If Caesar had not come, the enemy would not have been defeated. That is an example of a frustrated condition with a complex prodasis. What time is it?"

Class wit: "Oh, about 10:25, sir."

*Feb. 28:* As a punishment for flunking five, ye R. R. R. can't watch color T. V. for a month. Oh well, black and white isn't so bad.

*March 1:* Junior: "Hey, there's chalk dust all over you!"

Senior: "There is not; what's the big idea?"

Junior: "March Fool!"

*March 3:* (Overheard in the drill hall):

Combat: "Where's the balance of your rifle?"

Cadet: "Honest, sir, I don't know. This is all they gave me."

*March 4:* (Overheard in 312):

"Diagram, formula, set-up. No answers."

*March 6:* (Overheard in 102):

Master: "On this geometry problem, I want the proof, the whole proof, and nothing but the proof."

*March 7:* (Overheard at the Math X Club meeting):

Member: "Will we discuss probability this year?"

Master: "Probably."

*March 9:* (Overheard in 317):

Mullen: "I'm going to the barber's tomorrow."

Master: "For what, a haircut or an estimate?"

*March 13:* What senior was seen selling a substitute teacher a key to the elevator?

*March 14:* (Overheard in the lunchroom):

Master: "This coffee tastes terrible!"

Lady behind the counter: "But it was ground yesterday."

Master: "I know."

*March 15:* Master: "Give me an example of Oriental literature."

Blurp: "Tokyo Prose?"

*March 16:* (Overheard in 235):

Master: "What's the plural of ox?"

Murphy: "Oxygen?"

*March 17:* The color today is, of course, Palestinian Red.

*March 20:* (Overheard):

"Just remember that this is not a progressive school. Now take out your crayons and get to work."

*March 21:* (Overheard): "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a trot!"

*March 22:* (Overheard in 311): "If there is one thing I hate, it's a sarcastic teacher . . . (in the same breath) . . . what was that, Schmidt?"

*March 23:* (Overheard in 207 on an unprepared period): "For classwork — hmmm . . . — write a composition on: 'Why the U. N. should be moved to Latin School.'"

*March 24:* (Overheard in 124): "Scorecards. Can't do Xenophon without scorecards . . ."

*March 29:* (Overheard somewhere): "Jones, how about 'praeficit' in line 9?"  
Jones: "Yessir, how about it?"

*March 30:* Ye R. R. R. was badly taken advantage of . . . he spent twenty minutes watching a television show before he realized it was on Channel 2.

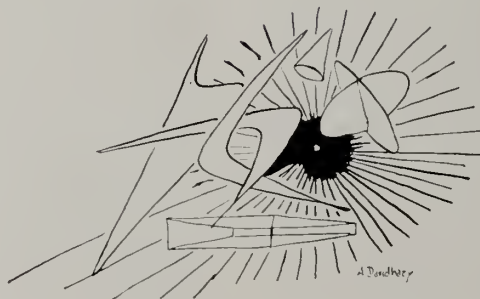
*March 31:* (Overheard in 303):

Master: "Who was the greatest poet in Roman History?"

Schlepp: "Lentulus Lishnus"

*April 2:* (Overheard in 307): "When I was a boy at the Latin School. . . ."

*April 4:* It is customary at this time to divulge the names of the writers of this column. But since Steve Joseph and Ken Portnoy are too modest to let their names be known, this custom shall be done away with this year.



---

**SAVE ON INSURANCE**

**AVENUE AUTO SCHOOL**

**Driver Education**

**Hydramatic - Fluid - Standard**

**Licensed Instructors**

**734 Blue Hill Avenue**

**Dorchester, Mass.**

**TAlbot 5-0749**

---

**MARCUS PRESS — EDWARD BRODY**

**Advertising, Art**

---

**YOUNG PLUMBING  
AND HEATING**

**33 Aspinwall Rd.**

**Dorchester 24, Mass.**

**CO 5-2838**

---

**Howard J. Richard, C.L.U.**

**Class of 1931**

**B.L.S.' Outstanding Class**

---

**BUY  
BONDS**

---

**John W. Coffey**

**Music Studios**

**Holton — Reynolds — Leblanc**

**Roth — Ludwig Instruments**

**250 Huntington Avenue**

**Boston, Mass.**

---

---

NEW IN BOSTON  
18 HOLES — INDOORS  
**BOYLSTON MINIATURE  
GOLF PARK**

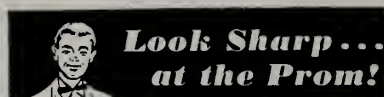
Open Year Round — Sundays 1 p. m.

8 Boylston Street  
Boston 16, Mass.  
Corner of Washington Street

---

**Premier Restaurant**

1130 Washington St.  
Boston, Mass.



RENT your  
complete  
formal wear  
from

**READ & WHITE**



**READ & WHITE**

For the BEST in Dress Clothes Rentals  
111 Summer Street, Boston—Liberty 2-7930  
Open Monday and Wednesday Evenings

STYLED AND SIZED FOR THE JUNIOR WOMAN

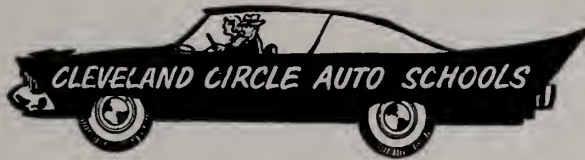
*Demi Tasse*

**Town and Cottage**



---

## DRIVER EDUCATION



## SAVE ON INSURANCE

LICENSED BY THE REGISTRAR OF MOTOR VEHICLES

**BROOKLINE**

354 Chestnut Hill Ave.  
Between Beacon St. & Comm. Ave.

**LO ngwd 6-8800**

OTHER OFFICES: ARLINGTON, BELMONT, CAMBRIDGE, NEWTON

---

### ECOLE FRANCAISE

271 Dartmouth St. (Newbury)  
Boston CO 7-7756

You Can Learn French Easily  
And Rapidly With The New

**DIRECT METHOD**  
Conversation & grammar

*Approved by*

### ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

**REGISTER NOW**

*Special Student Rate: 12 weeks for \$15.00*

---

## VICTOR BELLOTTI

**"SALES & SERVICE"**

337-345 Broadway

Somerville 45, Mass.

**PRospect 6-1333**

## WHITE BANNER

## LAUNDRY & CLEANSERS

*quality cleansing*

227 Cedar St., Somerville

**PR 6-2240**

---

You are invited

to make use of any of the various banking and trust services which are provided by this bank. While it is never our intention to disturb satisfactory relations elsewhere, we would like very much to be kept in mind when a change or increase in banking connections is being considered.

You will always find us ready and willing to discuss banking or trust matters with you at your convenience.

## STATE STREET BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE:

111 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON 1, MASS.  
RICHMOND 2-4500

PERSONAL TRUST DIVISION  
*Fourth Floor, 53 State Street*

STATE STREET OFFICE  
*State and Congress Streets*

UNION TRUST OFFICE  
*24 Federal Street*

TRAVELERS OFFICE  
*125 High Street*

STATLER HILTON OFFICE  
*Arlington and Providence Sts.*

COPLEY SQUARE OFFICE  
*587 Boylston Street*

MASSACHUSETTS AVE. OFFICE:  
*Mass. Avenue and Boylston Street*

Member: Federal Reserve System •  
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

---

---

## General Oil Burner Service Co. Inc.

*Zeytoonjian Brothers*

*Fuel oils — Oil burners — Boilers*

Sales — Service — Installation

373 Centre St., Jamaica Plain

JA 4-1980

---

*"Dine out Dine well"*

### **Patten's Restaurant**

41 Court St.

Boston, Mass.

---

### **ARAM BEDROSIAN FUNERAL HOME**

558 Mt. Auburn St.

Watertown, Mass.

WA 7-7400

---

**"YOUNG MEN OF '61" —**

Have you thought of making

### **AVIATION**

your career? It's "America's most exciting industry"! For free catalog describing Technician and Flight training, career opportunities, write

**EAST COAST AERO TECH**

Bedford Airport, Lexington, Mass.  
Lic. Mass. Bd. Ed.

---

*Store Phone*

*Home Phone*

*FAirview 5-2808*

*FAirview 5-2808*

---

### **OWENS' FLORIST**

OTTO H. LANGMEYER, PROP.

2037 Centre St. W. Roxbury, Mass.



## AND SAVE ON THEIR INSURANCE

Learn to drive — and save many times the cost of the course.

Become an expert, licensed driver in just a few weeks. Full

DRIVER EDUCATION courses starting at frequent intervals.

Of course, regular and refresher courses, too.

CALL FOR FREE BROCHURE

**Garber's**  
**AUTO DRIVING SCHOOLS INC.**

**BOSTON**  
316 Hunt'n Ave.  
KENmor 6-7800

**BROOKLINE**  
1404-06 Beacon St.  
LONgwd 6-2100

**DORCHESTER**  
1157 Blue Hill Ave.  
AVenue 2-2100

**Other  
Offices  
at**

**CAMBRIDGE**

**MALDEN**

**NEWTON**

**NEWTONVILLE**

**WALTHAM**

## COMMONWEALTH CHEVROLET

1065 Commonwealth Avenue  
Boston, Massachusetts

## MOHAWK MARKET

207-209 St. Botolph St.  
Boston 15, Mass.

Fine Quality Meat  
Grocery — Produce

## A Fine Specialty Shop

catering from head to toe  
to young gentlemen  
who wear from size 6 to 40.



1-HOUR FREE PARKING at  
the Church St. Garage, right next door.  
31 CHURCH ST., CAMBRIDGE  
UNiversity 4-2300

## U.S. INSTITUTE OF MFRS' AGENTS

P. O. Box 561 — Boston 2, Mass.



---

**SCHOLASTIC JEWELERS  
INC.**



**Official Jewelers  
of the  
Class of 1961**



**WASHINGTON STREET • BOSTON**

**Warren K. Vantine  
Studio, Inc.**



**SCHOOL AND COLLEGE  
PHOTOGRAPHERS**



**132 Boylston Street  
Boston, Mass.**



THE LEXINGTON PRESS, 1  
LEXINGTON, MASS.